

CAPTAIN AMERICA *FEATURED IN*

# USA

10¢

NO.  
17

FALL ISSUE

COMICS





## BIRTHSTONE RING



Smart, new, dainty Sterling Ring Set with sparkling birthstone correct for your month date. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order.

## Walky-Talky

Built for action. Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner. Just send the gift coupon for your order to start.



## Holster Set

Cowboy Outfit, Regular Texas type Pistol and decorated holster with leather belt. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

## Leather BILLFOLD

This LEATHER BILLFOLD provides space for currency and protected pockets for pictures, membership cards, credit cards, etc. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



## Softball Set



3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per free Gift catalog.

## Telescope GIVEN

Everyone enjoys this Powerful Telescope for spotting planes, hunting and vacations. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order.



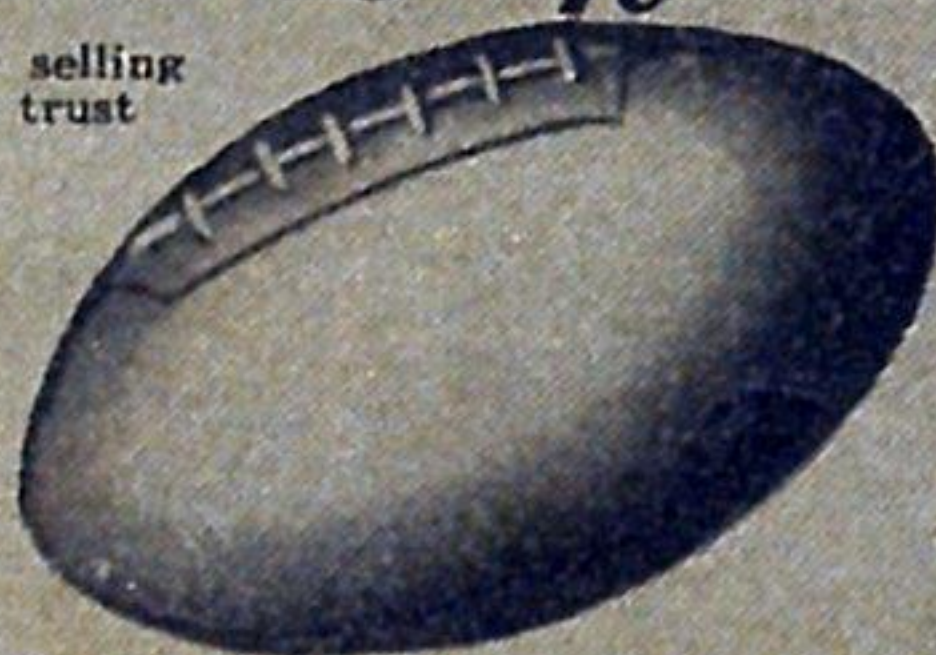
## Fountain Pen

Also pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

## FOOTBALL

Official size, very tough and sturdy FOOTBALL. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as specified in gift catalog.

Just send the gift coupon for your order to start. We trust you.



# GIVEN

## Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS or CASH

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hostery and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Your friends, relatives and neighbors all need "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" that saves many, many dollars in dry cleaning bills. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Send No Money We Trust You

Mail This Gift Coupon To-day

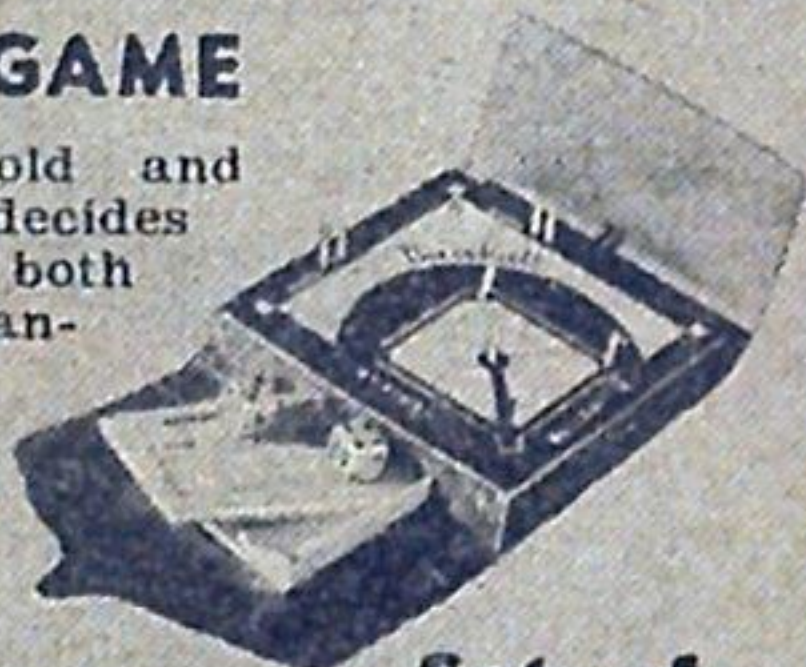
## CHARMING SWEETHEART LOCKET



Choice of Dainty Heart Locket or Round Hollywood Remembrance Locket with space for pictures of loved ones. Beautifully embossed. 18-inch chain. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order of "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner."

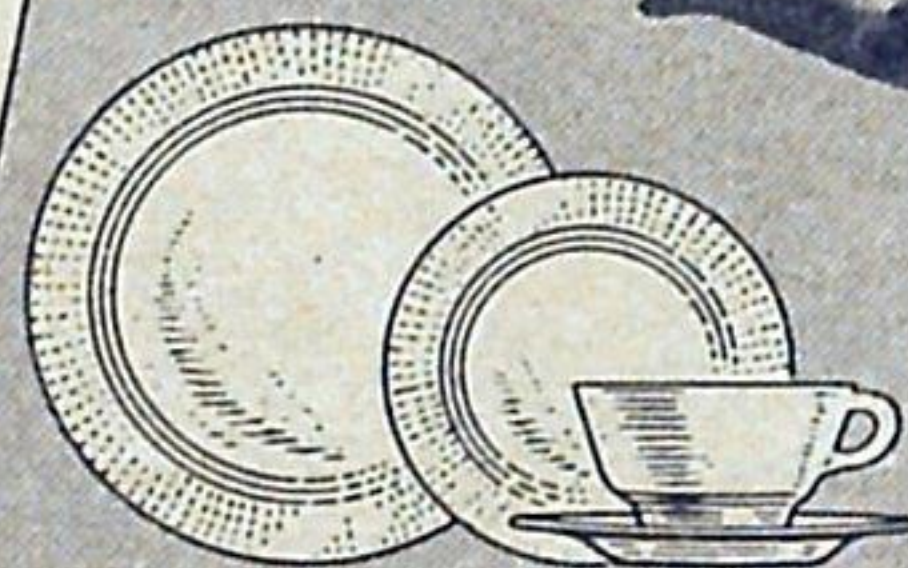
## Baseball GAME

Enjoyed by old and young. Dice decides the play for both teams. Substantially made. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



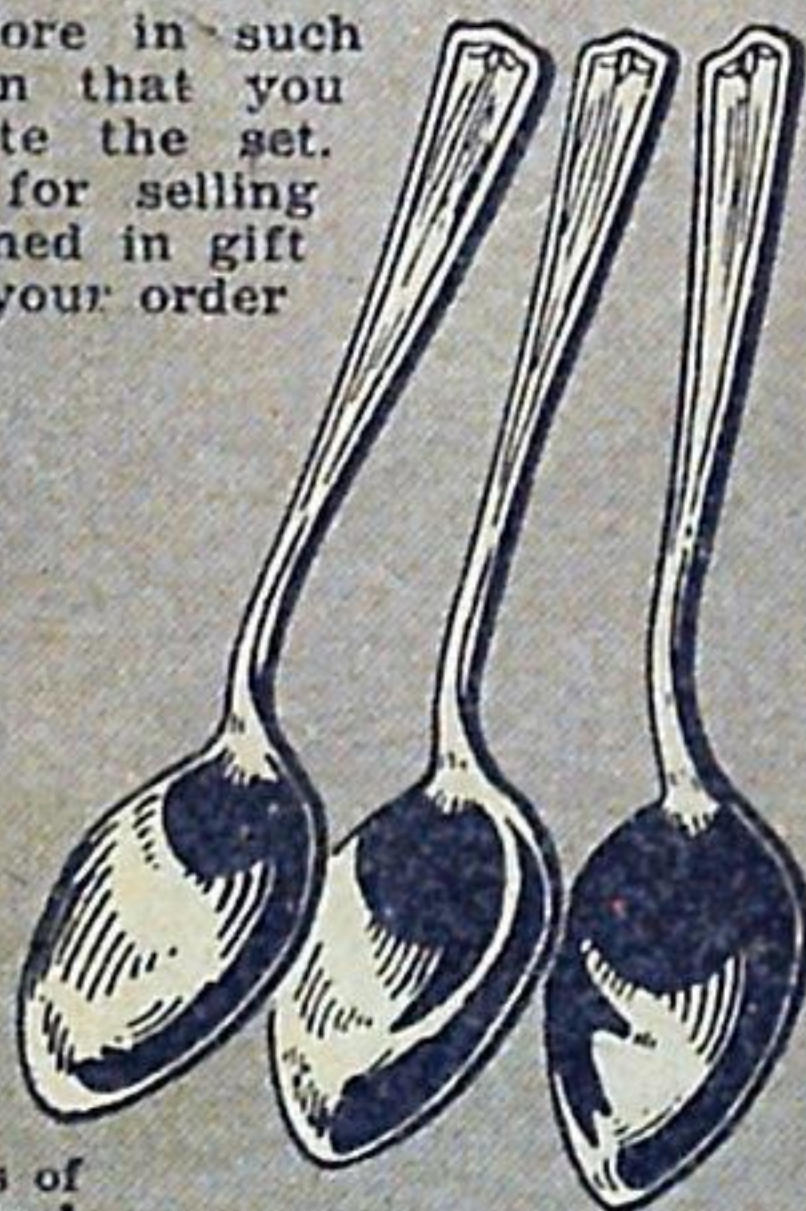
## Set of DISHES

Plates, saucers, cups, pie plates, sugar and creamer. Complete set for 4, beautifully decorated. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per gift circular.



## 6 Teaspoons

Silverware you'll adore in such a lovely new pattern that you will want to complete the set. 6 Teaspoons **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order as explained in gift circular sent free with your order at start.



## Candid Type CAMERA

Uses standard film. Makes clear, sharp snapshots. Gives years of use. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner.

## New, Friendship, RING

Sterling Silver with extra wide band in forget-me-not design and 2 pendant hearts. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order. SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY.



Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-485, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**GIFT  
Wanted**

**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-485 Jefferson, Iowa**

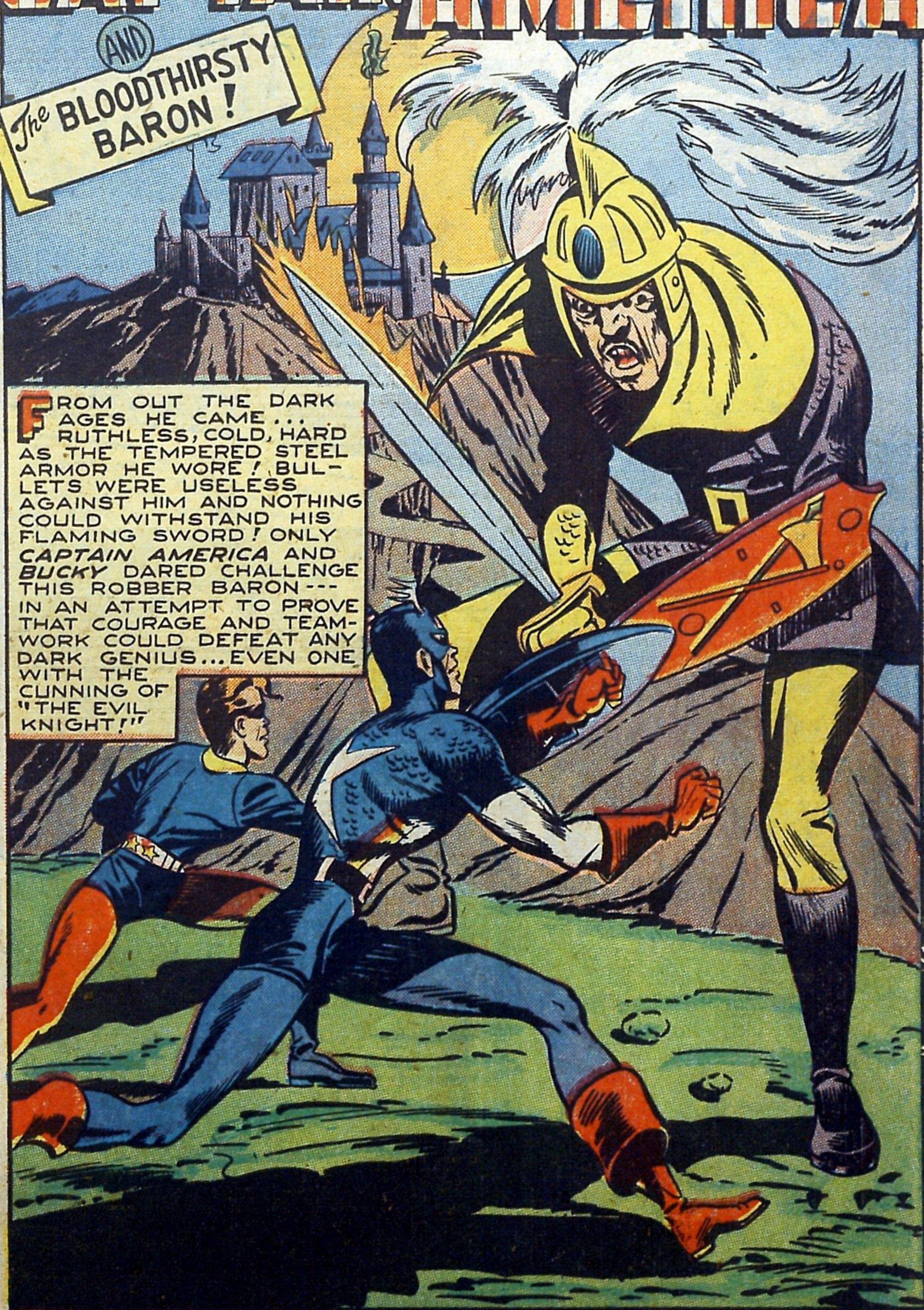


# CAPTAIN AMERICA

AND

The BLOODTHIRSTY  
BARON!

FROM OUT THE DARK AGES HE CAME... RUTHLESS, COLD, HARD AS THE TEMPERED STEEL ARMOR HE WORE! BULLETS WERE USELESS AGAINST HIM AND NOTHING COULD WITHSTAND HIS FLAMING SWORD! ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARED CHALLENGE THIS ROBBER BARON--- IN AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT COURAGE AND TEAMWORK COULD DEFEAT ANY DARK GENIUS... EVEN ONE WITH THE CLUNNING OF "THE EVIL KNIGHT!"

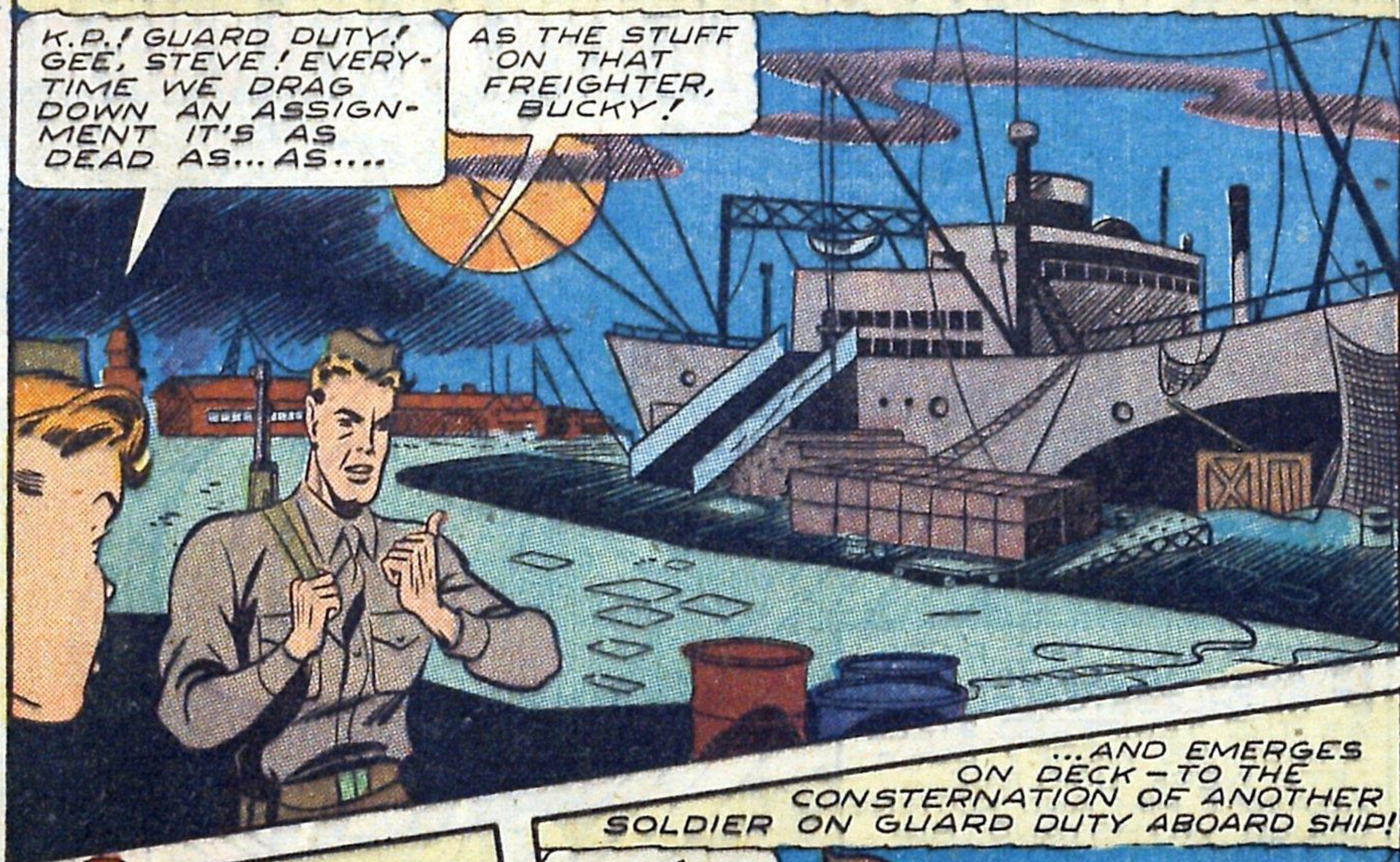




**M**IDNIGHT! A FREIGHTER LIES AT ANCHOR, HER HOLD CRAMMED WITH ART TREASURES ONCE SENT TO AMERICA FOR SAFE-KEEPING AND NOW TO BE RETURNED TO EUROPEAN MUSEUMS...

K.P.! GUARD DUTY!  
GEE, STEVE! EVERY-  
TIME WE DRAG  
DOWN AN ASSIGN-  
MENT IT'S AS  
DEAD AS... AS....

AS THE STUFF  
ON THAT  
FREIGHTER,  
BUCKY!



...AND EMERGES  
ON DECK - TO THE  
CONSTERNATION OF ANOTHER  
SOLDIER ON GUARD DUTY ABOARD SHIP!

**B**UT NOT ALL THE  
CARGO IS DEAD! FOR  
AMONG THE SPRAWLED  
RELICS FROM THE DIM  
PAST, SOMETHING  
MOVES...

HALT! WHO  
GOES TH...  
**WHA...**



HALT OR  
I'LL FIRE! HUH?  
THE BULLETS J-JUST  
BOUNCE OFF HIM!!

LOOK, STEVE! A KNIGHT IN ARMOR!  
OR AM I  
DREAMING??  
IF YOU ARE, KID---  
WE'RE BOTH HAVING  
THE SAME NIGHTMARE!

**AAGH!**





**I**N THE SHADOWS, THE DUO HASTILY CHANGES COSTUME TO BECOME CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY....

PSST, BUCKY—  
CAREFUL, NOW!!  
I'LL WARD OFF  
HIS SWORD WITH  
MY SHIELD... THEN  
YOU TACKLE HIM!  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME, BUCKY?

AYE,  
AYE,  
CAP!

**A**ND THEN IT HAPPENS! AS IF BY ANCIENT SORCERY, THE STRANGE KNIGHT'S SWORD SUDDENLY FLAMES --- AND SLICES EASILY THRU CAP'S SHIELD!

JUMPING  
JUPITER!  
MY SHIELD!

MY REGRETS, BUT YOUR  
SHIELD **CANNOT** WARD  
OFF MY SWORD!

AND YOU,  
IMPRUDENT  
IMP, WILL  
NOT TACKLE  
THE EVIL  
KNIGHT!

**UGH!**

**OOOF!**

MAYBE SO, BUT  
YOU'RE STILL  
WIDE OPEN FOR  
**THIS!**

**T**HE EVIL  
KNIGHT TAKES  
TO HIS HEELS, WITH  
CAP IN HOT PURSUIT!!

LEAVING SO  
SOON? TCH,  
TCH---I THINK  
I'LL JOIN  
YOU!





CAP! LOOK  
OUT! HE'S  
SLICING  
THAT  
STEEL  
MAST!

**B**UT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA  
SAILS THRU SPACE...

**A**S CAP  
LANDS,  
THE STEEL  
MAST  
CRASHES  
OMINOUSLY  
TO THE  
DECK!!

WHEW!  
MISSED  
ME BY  
INCHES!

**KERASH!!**

**I**N THE INTERIM,  
THE STRANGE  
FIGURE ESCAPES  
IN A SMALL  
LAUNCH...

(GROAN) GOSH,  
HE'S GETTING  
AWAY, CAP!

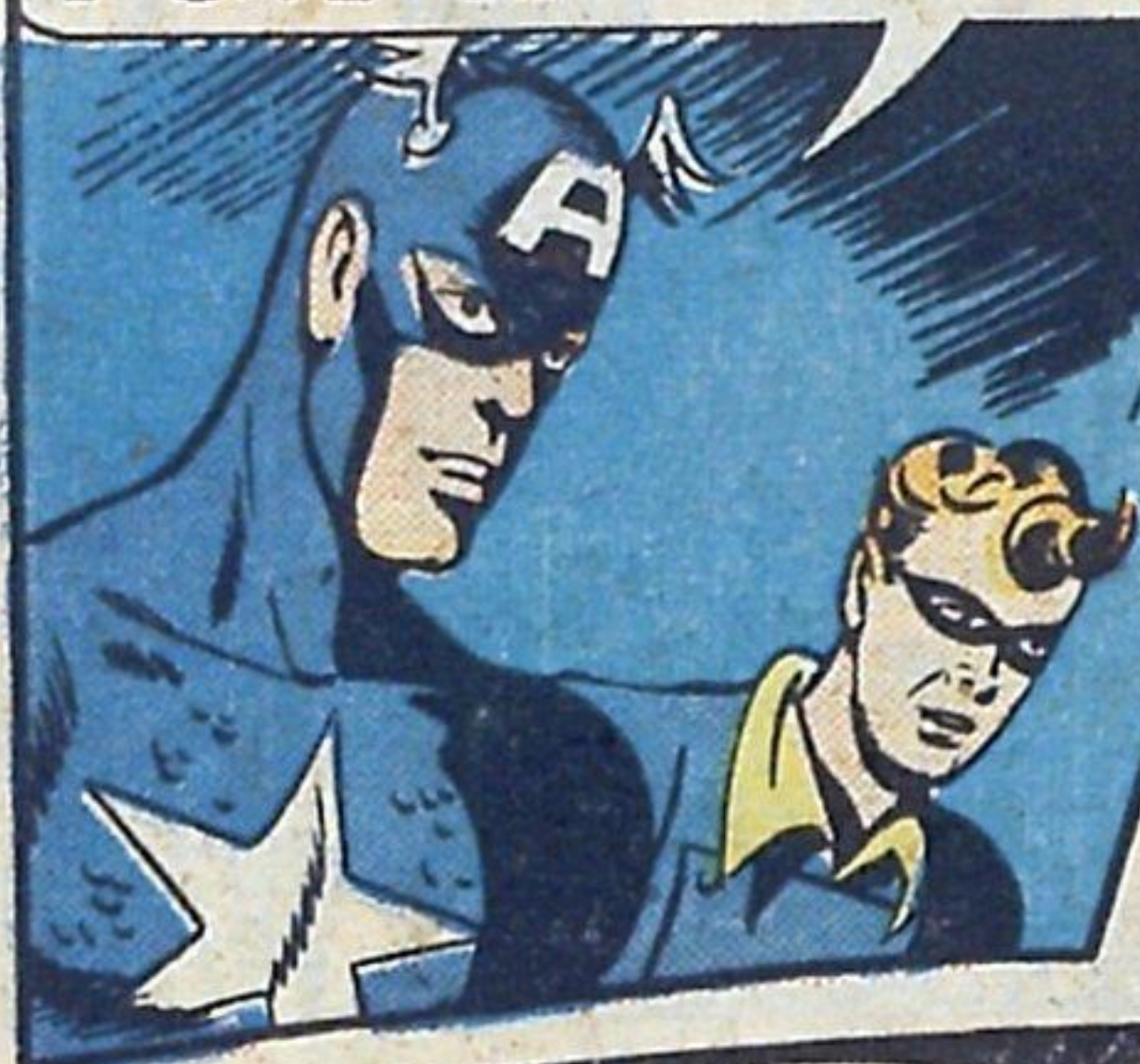
FAREWELL, FOOLS!  
DID YOU REALLY THINK  
YOU COULD DEFEAT THE  
EVIL KNIGHT? "HE  
SURVIVES, WHO KNOWS  
VIOLENCE AND  
PILLAGE ARE  
TWIN TRUTHS!"  
HA! HA!





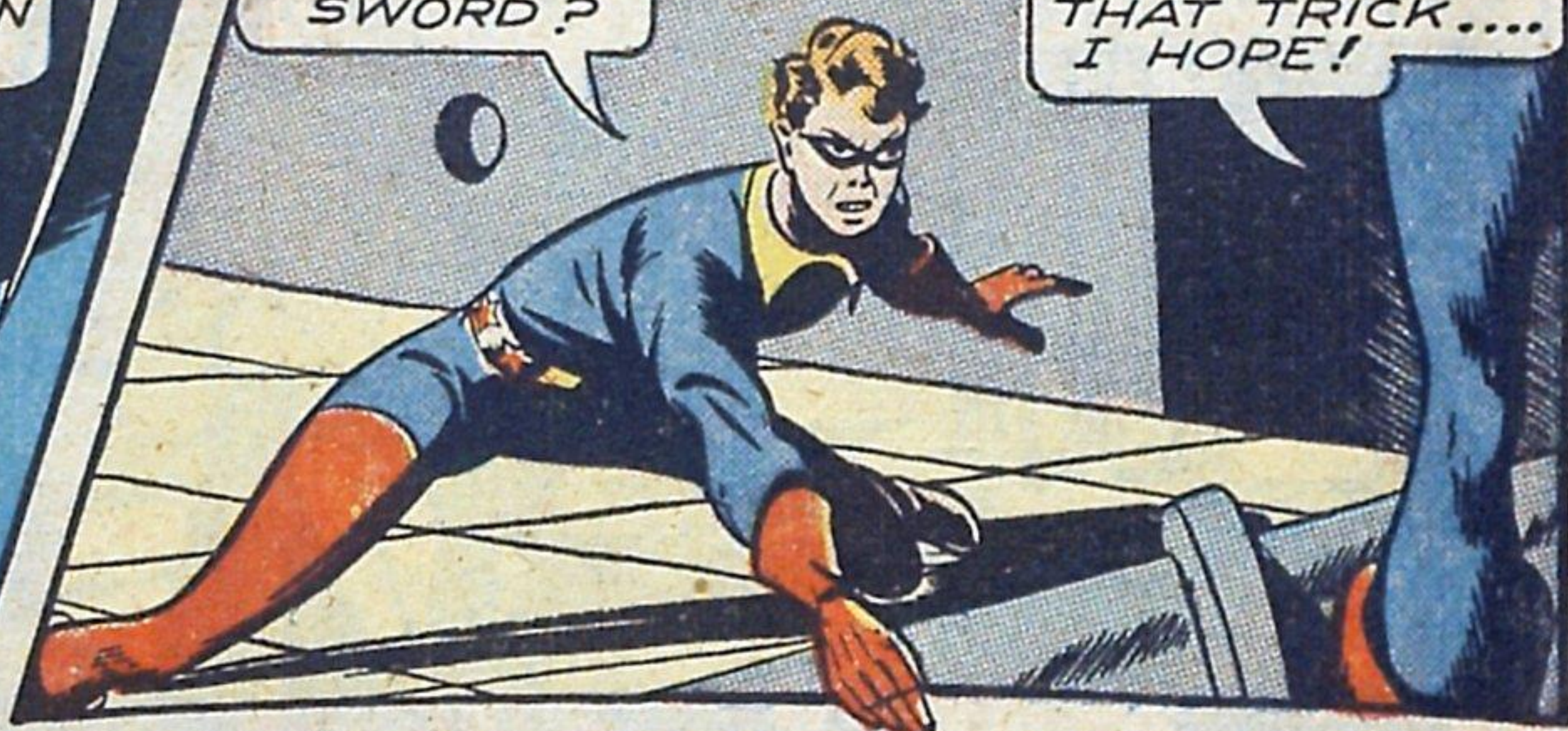
WHAT BEATS ME, CAP, IS HOW HE KNEW WHAT YOU WHISPERED TO ME? WE WERE OVER TWENTY FEET AWAY! CAN HE READ MINDS?

NO... LIPS! NEXT TIME WE MEET HIM I'LL COVER MY MOUTH WHEN I GIVE OUT SIGNALS!



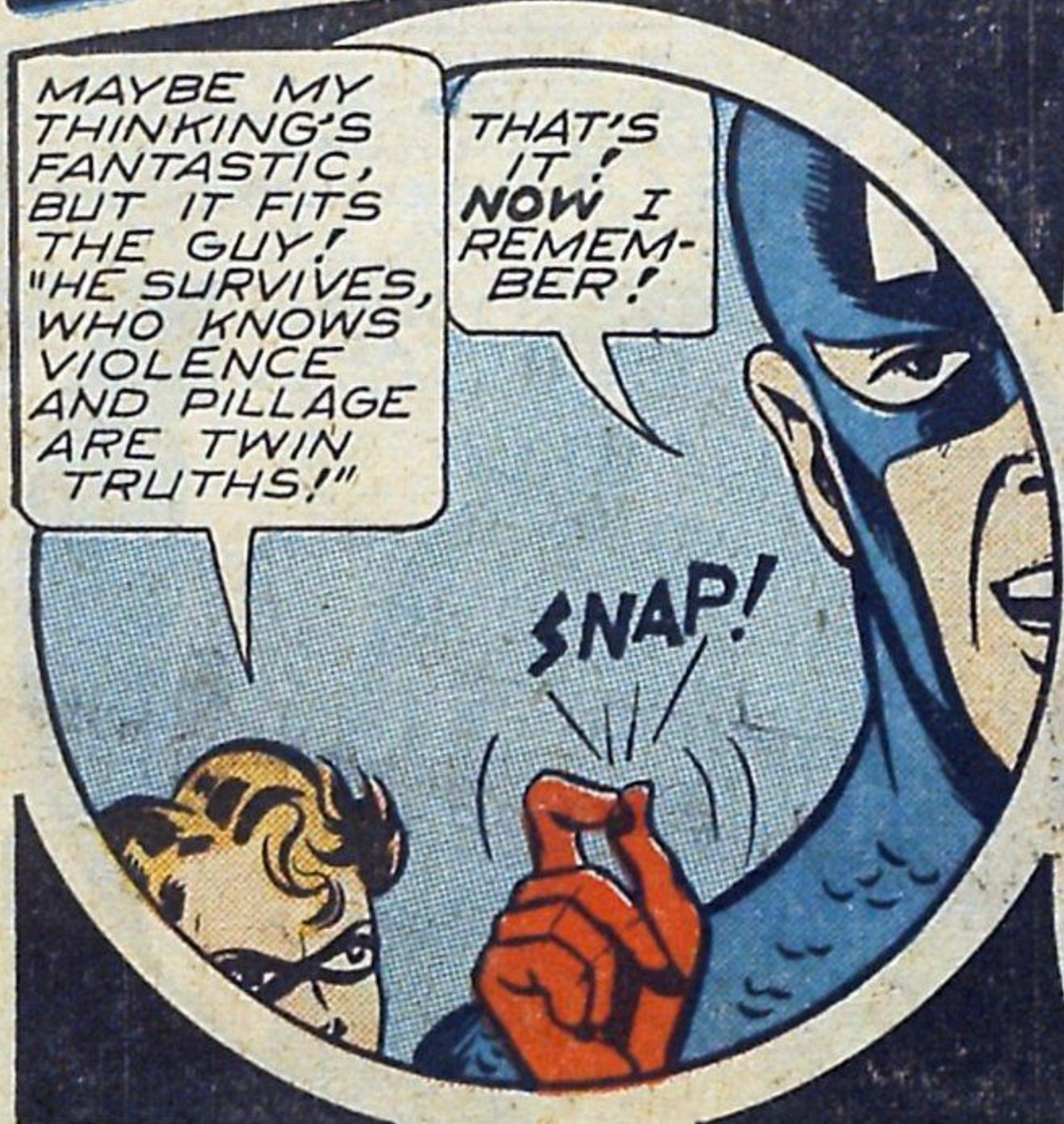
A SOLID STEEL MAST... SLICED THROUGH LIKE A PIECE OF CHEESE! MAYBE THE EVIL KNIGHT IS TOTING KING ARTHUR'S EXCALIBUR SWORD?

HOLD ON, BUCKY! DON'T GO OVERBOARD ON YOUR THINKING! THERE'S GOT TO BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THAT TRICK... I HOPE!



MAYBE MY THINKING'S FANTASTIC, BUT IT FITS THE GUY! "HE SURVIVES, WHO KNOWS VIOLENCE AND PILLAGE ARE TWIN TRUTHS!"

THAT'S IT! NOW I REMEMBER!



CAP THINKS BACK, HIS TRAINED, PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY ONCE AGAIN SEEING A RECENT NEWSPAPER STORY...

## DAILY TIMES ANCIENT CASTLE SHIPPED TO AMERICA.

THE NOTORIOUS HAGMOOR CASTLE WILL BE SET UP AGAIN, BRICK BY BRICK. ITS OWNER IS BARON PAUL BONAPARTE, ONLY LIVING DESCENDANT OF THE INFAMOUS FAMILY. IN ANCIENT TIMES THE BONAPARTES WERE ROBBER BARONS, AS RUTHLESS AS THEIR FAMILY MAXIMS: "HE SURVIVES, WHO KNOWS VIOLENCE AND PILLAGE ARE TWIN TRUTHS!"

HAGMOOR CASTLE!...CROUCHING LIKE SOME SQUAT, LINGAINLY MONSTER ABOUT TO POUNCE UPON UNWARY TRAVELERS!...

UGH! NICE PLACE FOR A MASS MURDER!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, BUCKY! YOU'RE SO CHEERFUL!



...AND INSIDE...

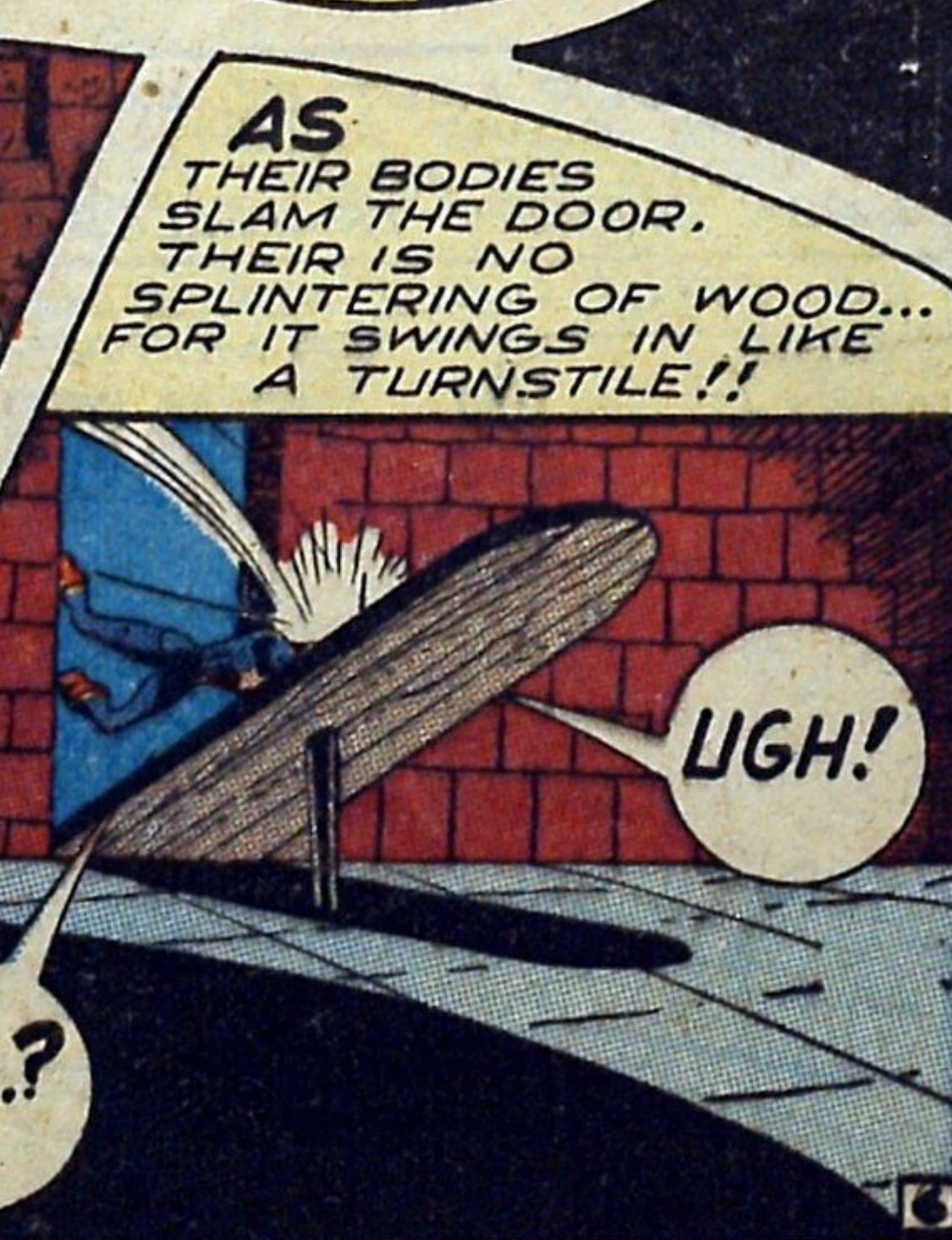
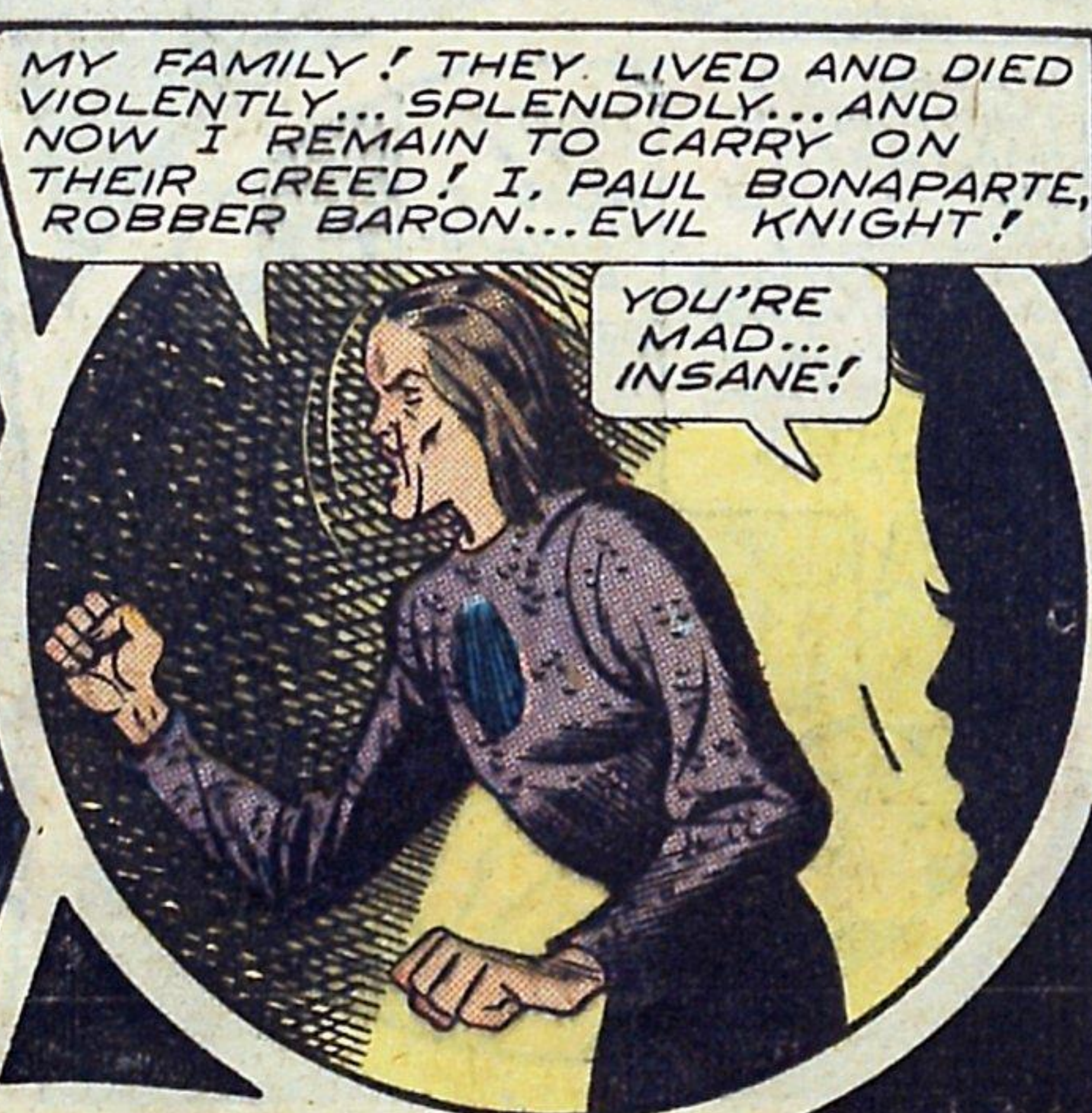
HA!HA! IT WAS SO SIMPLE! I STOOD PERFECTLY STILL AND THEY LOADED ME INTO THE HOLD WITH THE OTHER SUITS OF ARMOR!

PLEASE...PLEASE, BARON...I WANT TO GO HOME!

SH-H-H, BUCKY!









HA! HA! TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T KNOW I USE A SPECIAL DOOR TO ENTER... AND THAT THIS SWIVEL DOOR IS JUST FOR THOSE WHO WOULD INVADE MY FORTRESS!

OH-H-H!

POW!

LATER... CAP AND BUCKY COME TO IN THE DEEP DUNGEONS!

THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NIGHT! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT SWIVEL DOOR...

I ASSURE YOU THE SWIVEL DOOR WASN'T NECESSARY! YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY INGENIOUS MIND! I HEARD YOUR WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUR YOUNG HELPMATE!

YOU SEE, MY "PLUME" IS ACTUALLY A CAMOUFLAGED WIRELESS ANTENNA CONNECTED TO A HEARING DEVICE INSIDE MY

HELMET! IT ENABLES ME TO HEAR THE SLIGHTEST WHISPER WITHIN A RADIUS OF FIFTY FEET!

MY ARMOR IS MADE OF LIGHT-WEIGHT, BULLET-PROOF STEEL! BUT MY SWORD IS MY GREATEST INVENTION... MY FLAMING SWORD!

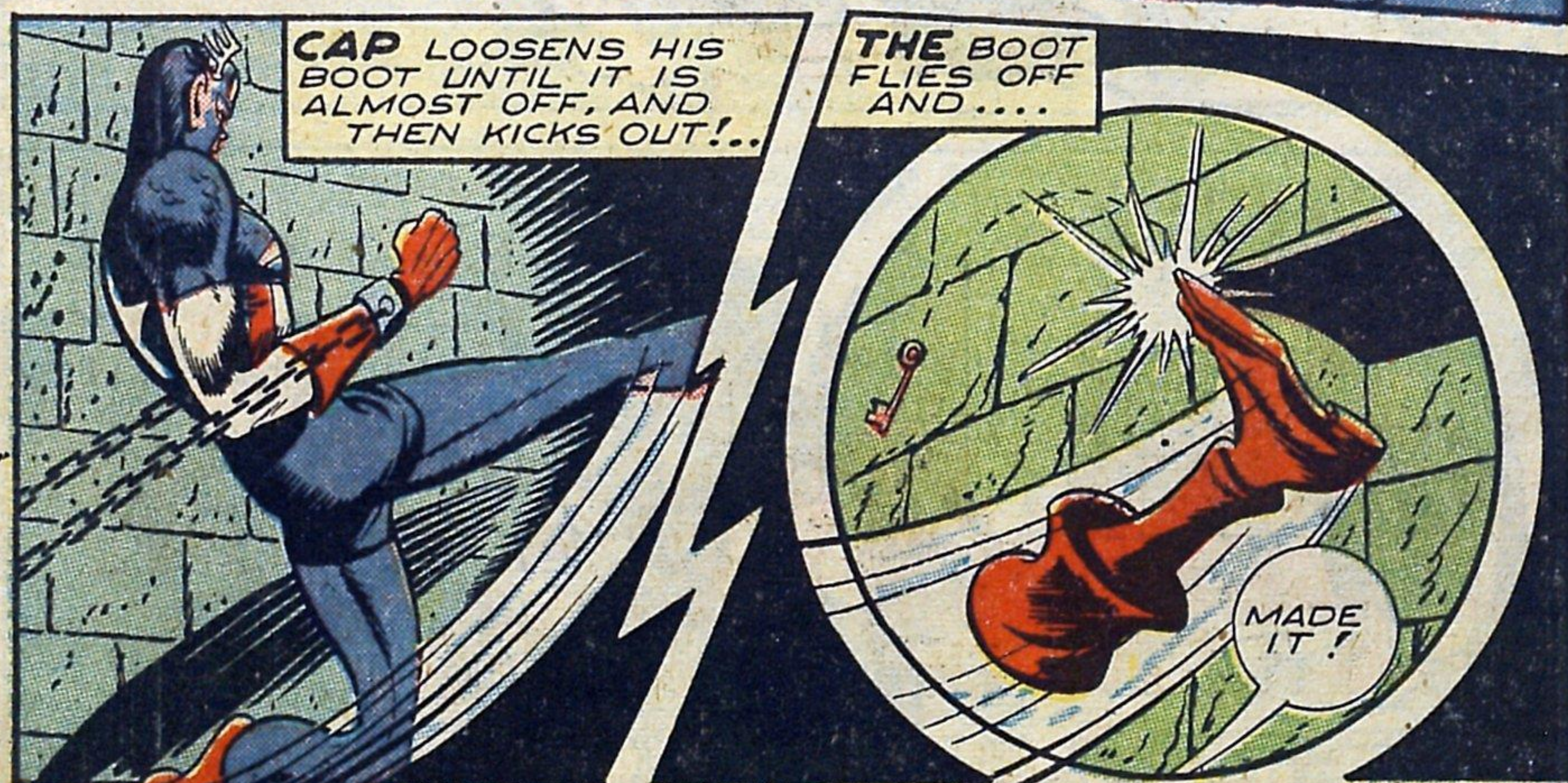
CLICK!

WHEN I DEPRESS A BUTTON ON THE HILT, IT COMPLETES THE ELECTRICAL CIRCUIT OF A SPECIAL BATTERY INSIDE THE HANDLE, GIVING MY SWORD THE POWER OF A BLOW-TORCH!

CLANK!

BUT NOW I MUST HEED THE CALL OF MY CRUSADE OF CRIME!... GOOD-BYE FOR A WHILE!







**S**WIFTLY, THE EVIL KNIGHT FLICKS OFF HIS SWORD FLAME AND SWITCHES OFF THE LIGHTS! THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO BLACKNESS!

AH, COME IN, CAPTAIN AMERICA!  
HA! HA! YOU CAN'T SEE ME  
AND I CAN'T SEE YOU... BUT  
I CAN MOVE IN THE DARK-  
NESS WITHOUT YOUR HEAR-  
ING ME... BUT YOU CAN'T,  
FOR MY ANTENNA WILL  
TELL ME EVERY MOVE  
YOU MAKE! HA! HA!

**S**PEAKING LOUDLY,  
CAP COVERS UP  
BUCKY'S CAT-  
LIKE TREAD...THEN...

WELL, EVIL KNIGHT,  
I GUESS IT'S YOUR  
NIGHT TO HOWL!  
YOU'VE GOT US  
BOXED UP! OKAY,  
BUCKY! NOW!

WHAT  
TH...?!

**B**UT CAP IS READY! IN THE DARKNESS HE NOISELESSLY TAPS OUT CODE ON BUCKY'S WRIST WITH HIS FOREFINGER!

WILL TALK

TAG HIM, CAP!

CONSIDER  
HIM  
TAGGED!

**CRASH! POW!**

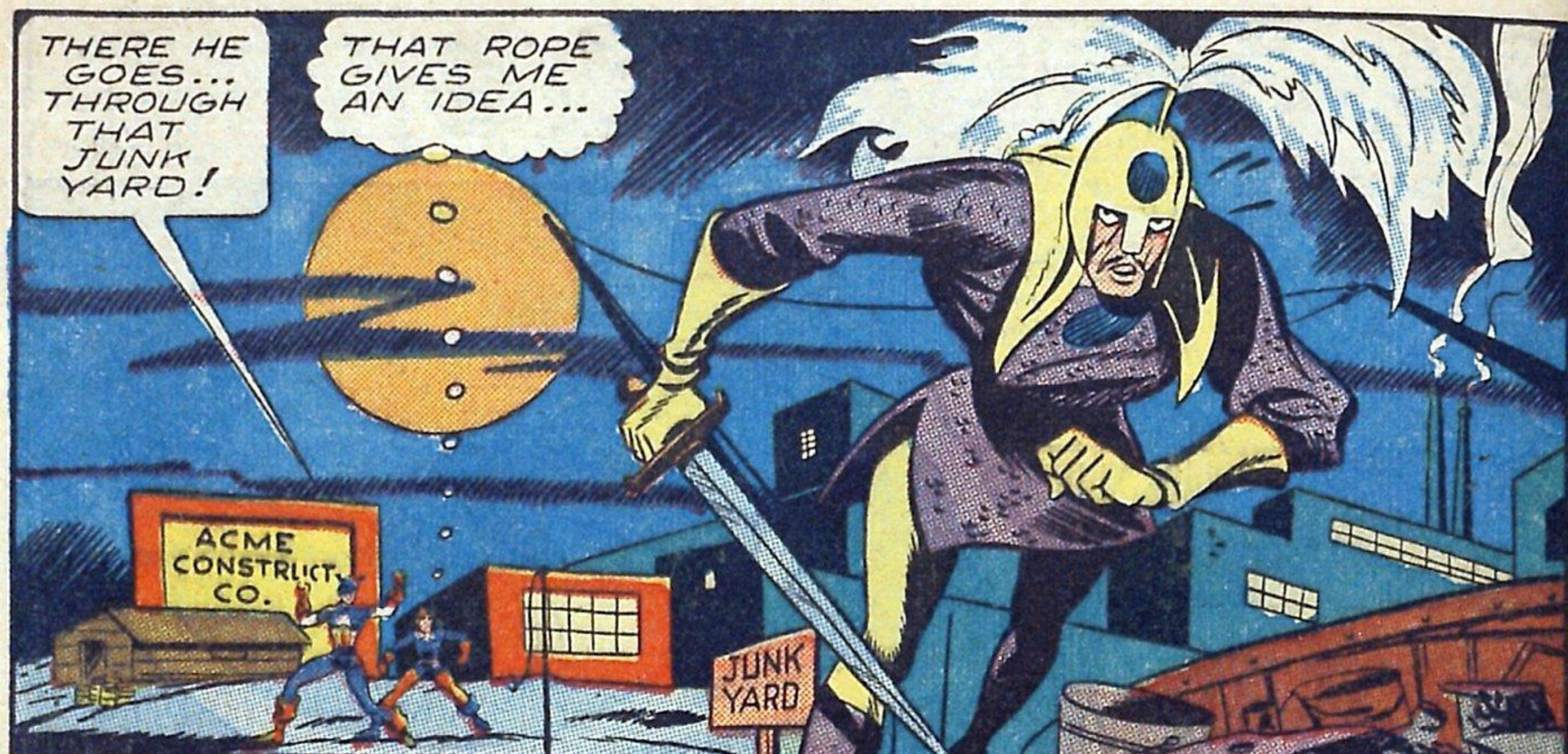
HE'S  
GETTING  
UP, CAP!

WHAT?  
AFTER  
THAT  
PUNCH?

**T**HE EVIL KNIGHT  
TAKES OFF WITH  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
AND BUCKY HOT  
ON HIS HEELS!

HE WENT  
THAT WAY!

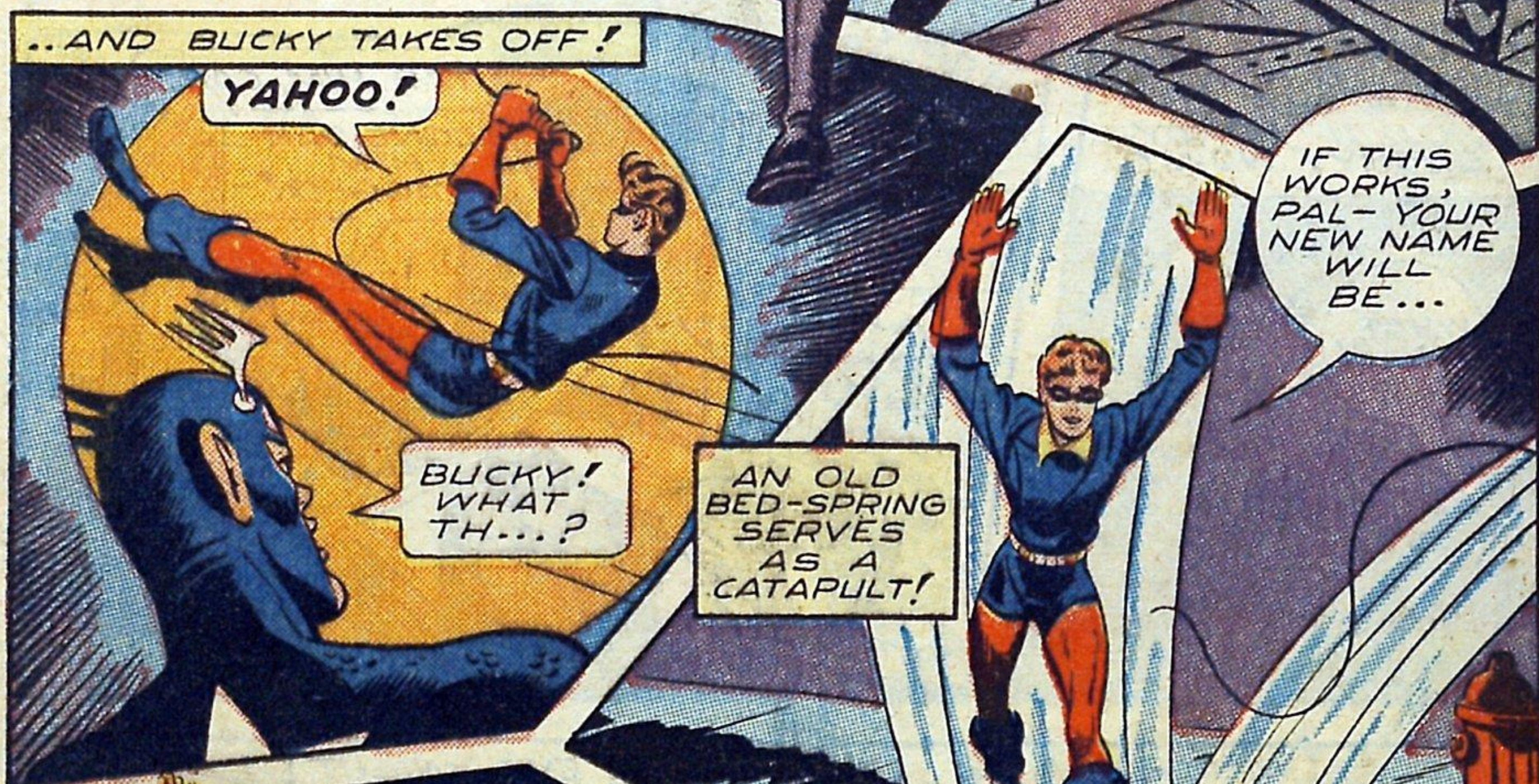




THERE HE GOES... THROUGH THAT JUNK YARD!

THAT ROPE GIVES ME AN IDEA...

.. AND BUCKY TAKES OFF!

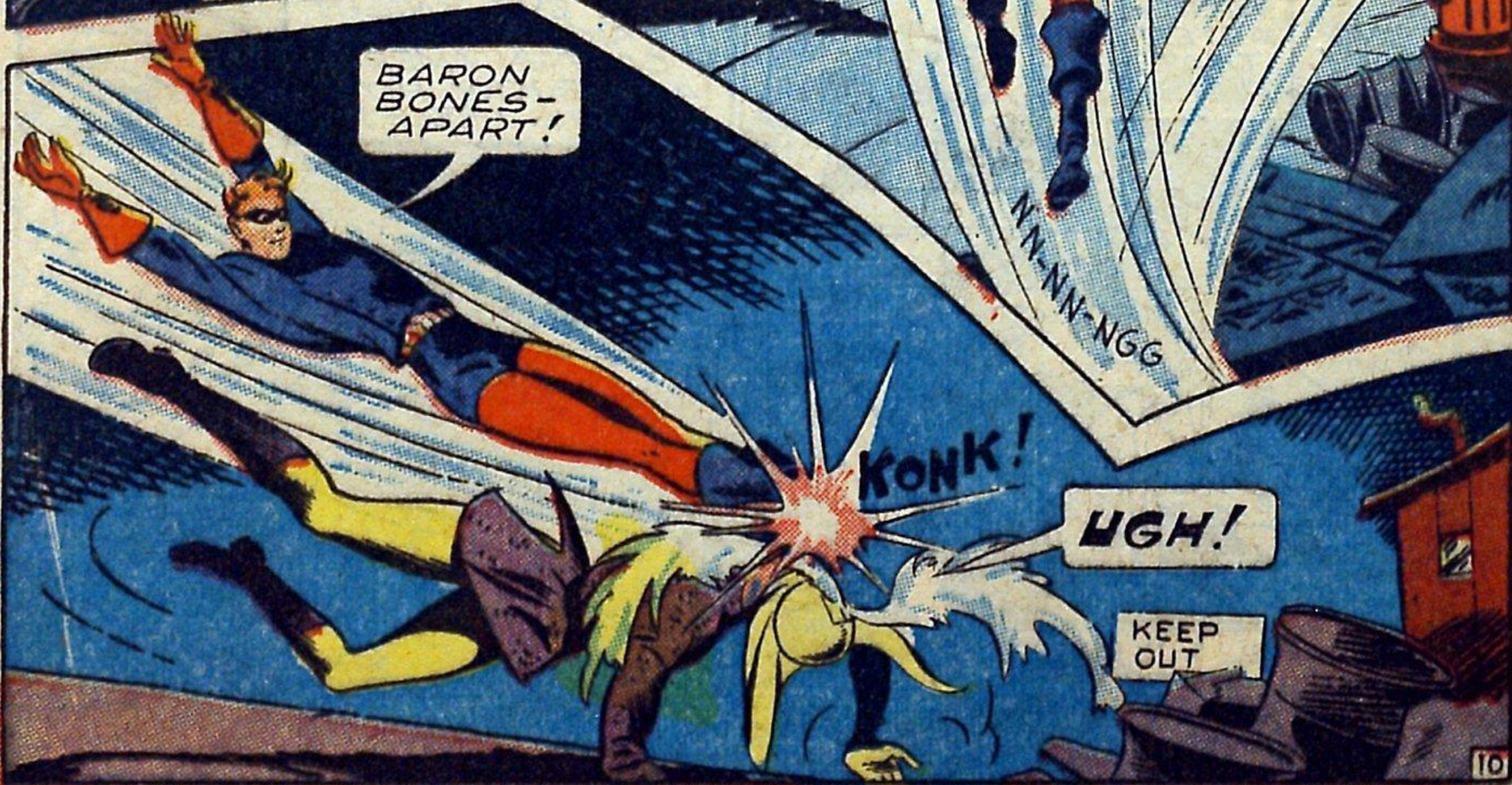


YAHOO!

IF THIS WORKS, PAL - YOUR NEW NAME WILL BE...

AN OLD BED-SPRING SERVES AS A CATAPULT!

BUCKY! WHAT TH...?



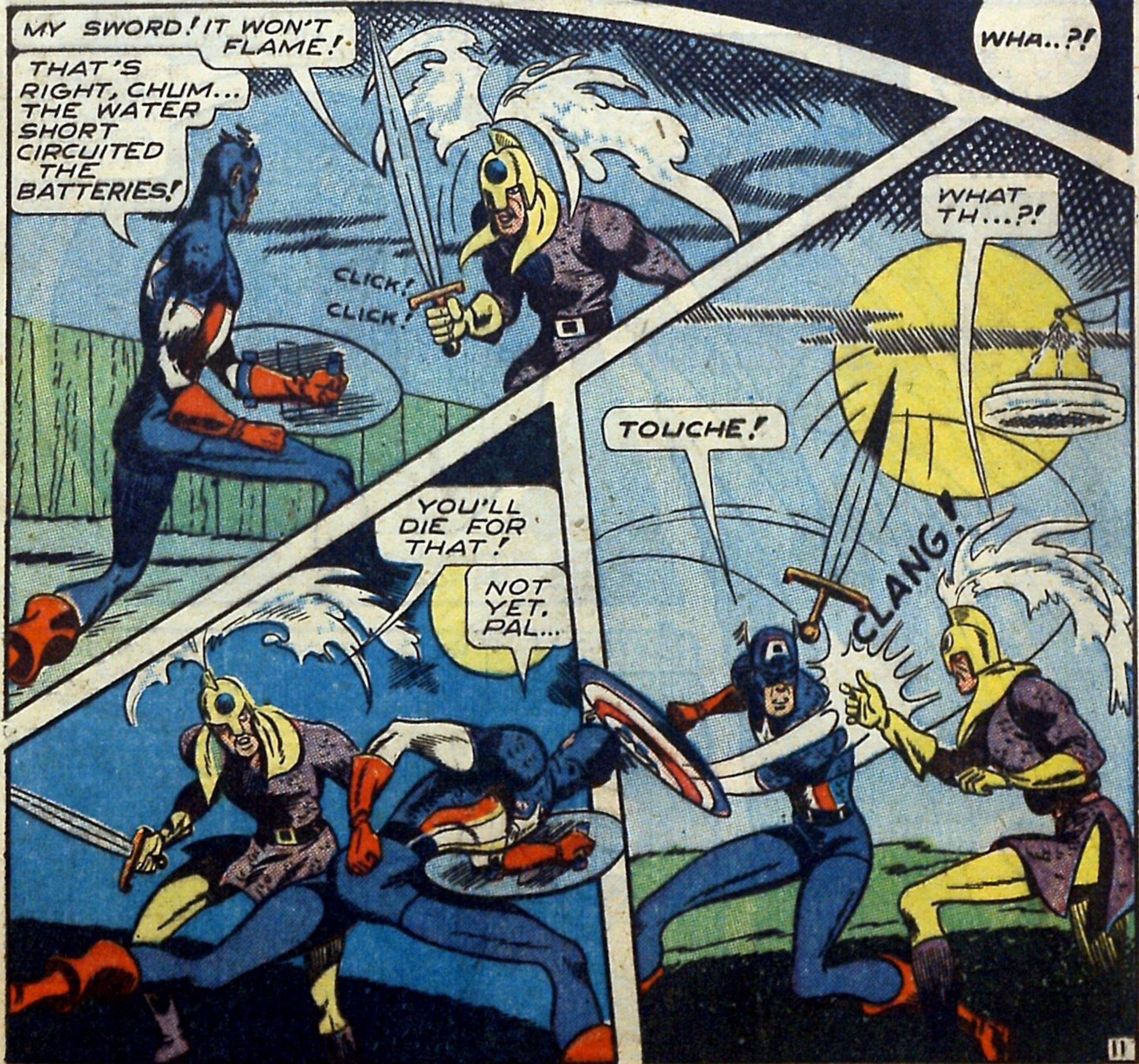
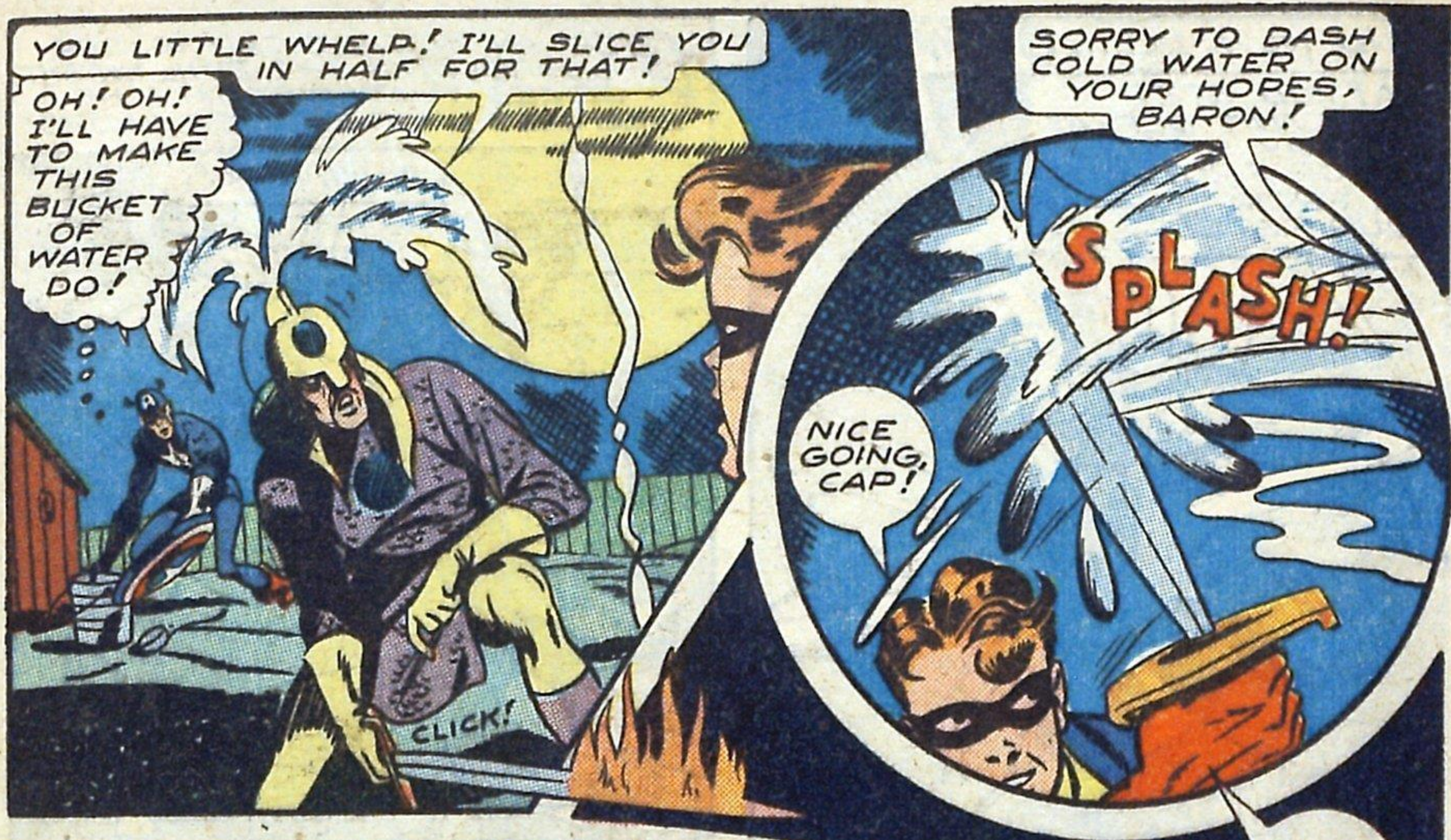
BARON BONES - APART!

KONK!

UGH!

KEEP OUT







AND NOW, I'LL... **OWW!**

HA! YOU SEE?  
YOU CAN'T DEFEAT  
ME! MY STEEL  
ARMOR PROTECTS  
ME FROM  
YOUR FISTS!



**F**OR AN INSTANT CAP IS OFF  
GUARD, AND THE EVIL KNIGHT  
SEIZES THAT INSTANT! HE  
SNATCHES UP THE FALLEN SWORD!

NOW, DOG!



**A**ND SUD-  
DENLY FLIES  
SKY-HIGH!

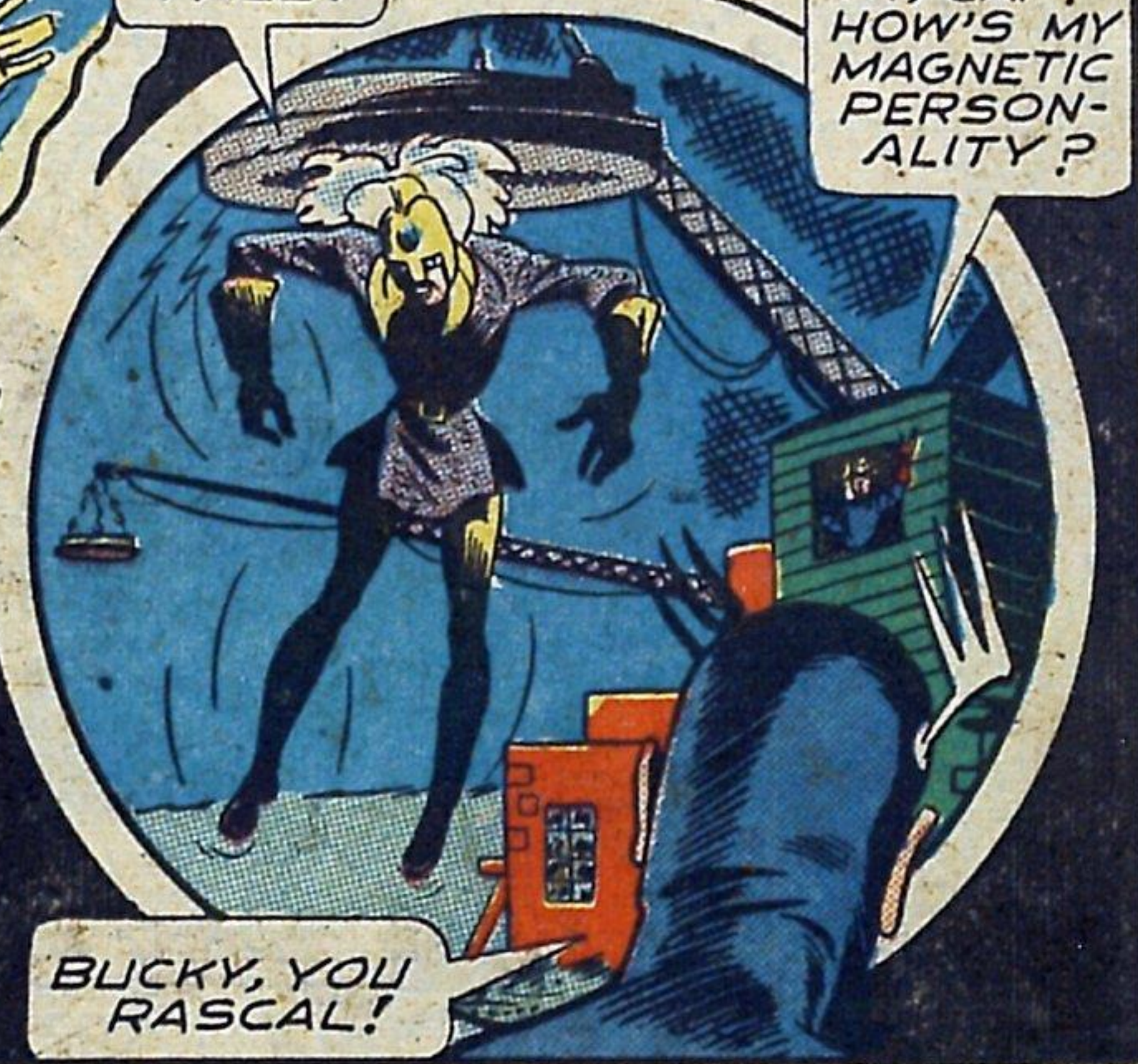
AH-H-H!



OOH! LET ME  
DOWN, I'LL  
FALL!

HI, CAP!  
HOW'S MY  
MAGNETIC  
PERSON-  
ALITY?

BUCKY, YOU  
RASCAL!



**L**ATER...

WELL, KID, THE EVIL KNIGHT  
CAN BROOD OVER HIS  
FAMILY TREE FOR THE REST  
OF HIS LIFE... IN JAIL!

AND TO PARAPHRASE  
THE BONAPARTE MOTTO  
"HE SURVIVES, WHO  
KNOWS HONESTY AND  
COURAGE ARE TWIN  
TRUTHS!"



THE  
END



The

# WHIZZER



AT LONG LAST, A DARING FIGURE COMES FORWARD TO CHALLENGE THE UNBROKEN SPEED RECORD OF THAT HUMAN CYCLONE--  
**THE WHIZZER!** RACING THROUGH CRIME WITH EYE-DEFYING SPEED, THIS DARK, OMINOUS FIGURE PROVIDES A THRILL-A-MINUTE CHASE IN THIS, THE TALE OF.....

**THE WHIZZER VS. THE BLACK STREAK!!**



**I**N AN UNDERWORLD HIDEOUT...

IT'S ALL SET, BOYS! 1:00 A.M. TO-NIGHT AT THE PAY STATION--DON'T FORGET THE TEAR GAS!



AN' DON'T YOU FORGET THE BLACK STREAK, EH, SCAR? WE COULDN'T DO **NUTTIN'** WITHOUT HIM!--HAW! HAW!

LEAVE IT TO ME!-- I'LL SEE THAT HE'S THERE!

THE PAYROLL'S INSIDE--WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

FOR THE BLACK STREAK, DOPE! THEN WHEN THEY START CHASIN' HIM, WE GO AFTER THE DOUGH!



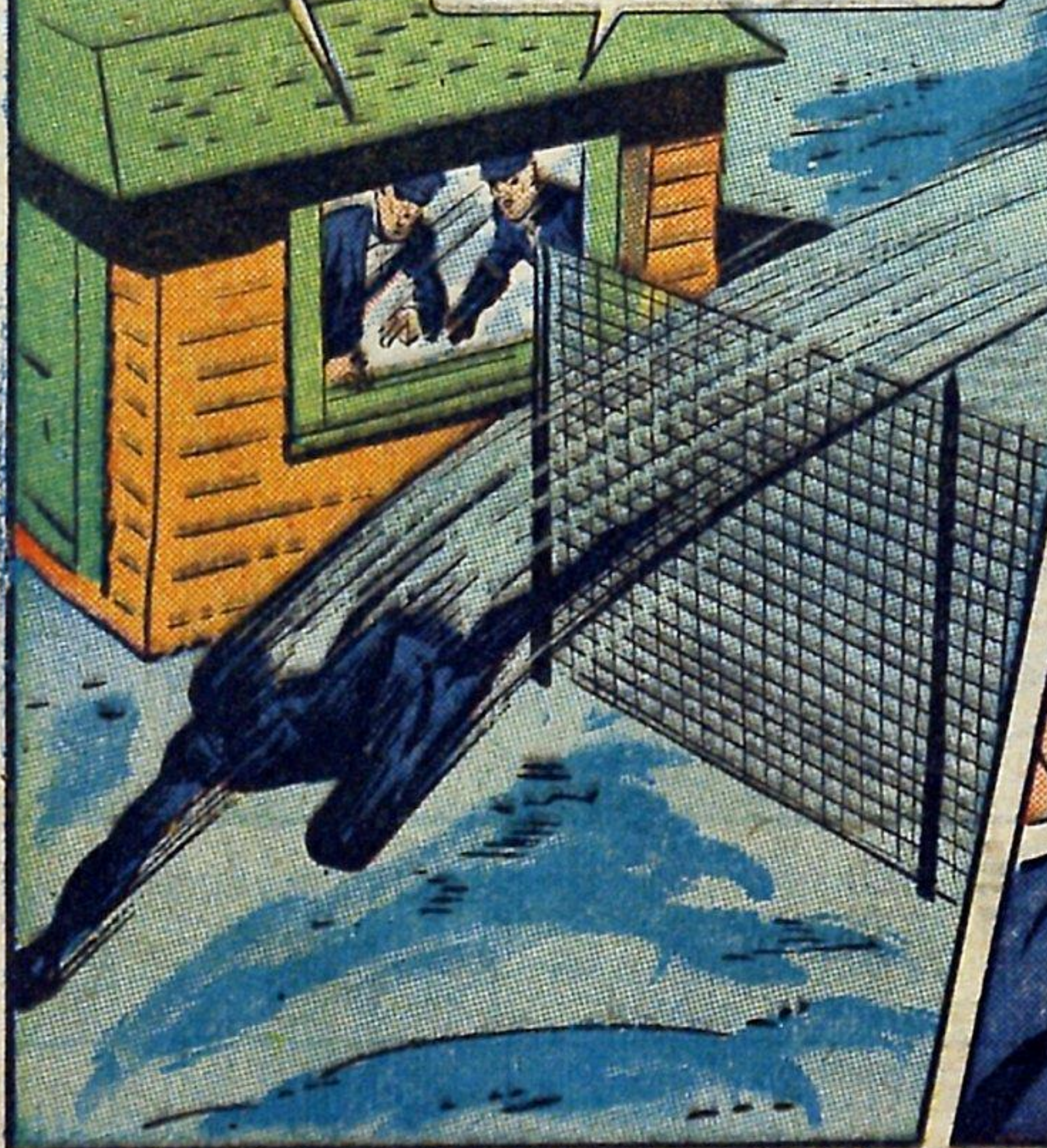
**T**HUS, AT 1:00 A.M.--THE SCAR'S MEN CONVERGE ON A CERTAIN SHIPYARD...!



**S**UDDENLY... A CYCLONE-SWIFT FIGURE FLASHES PAST THE GUARDS!

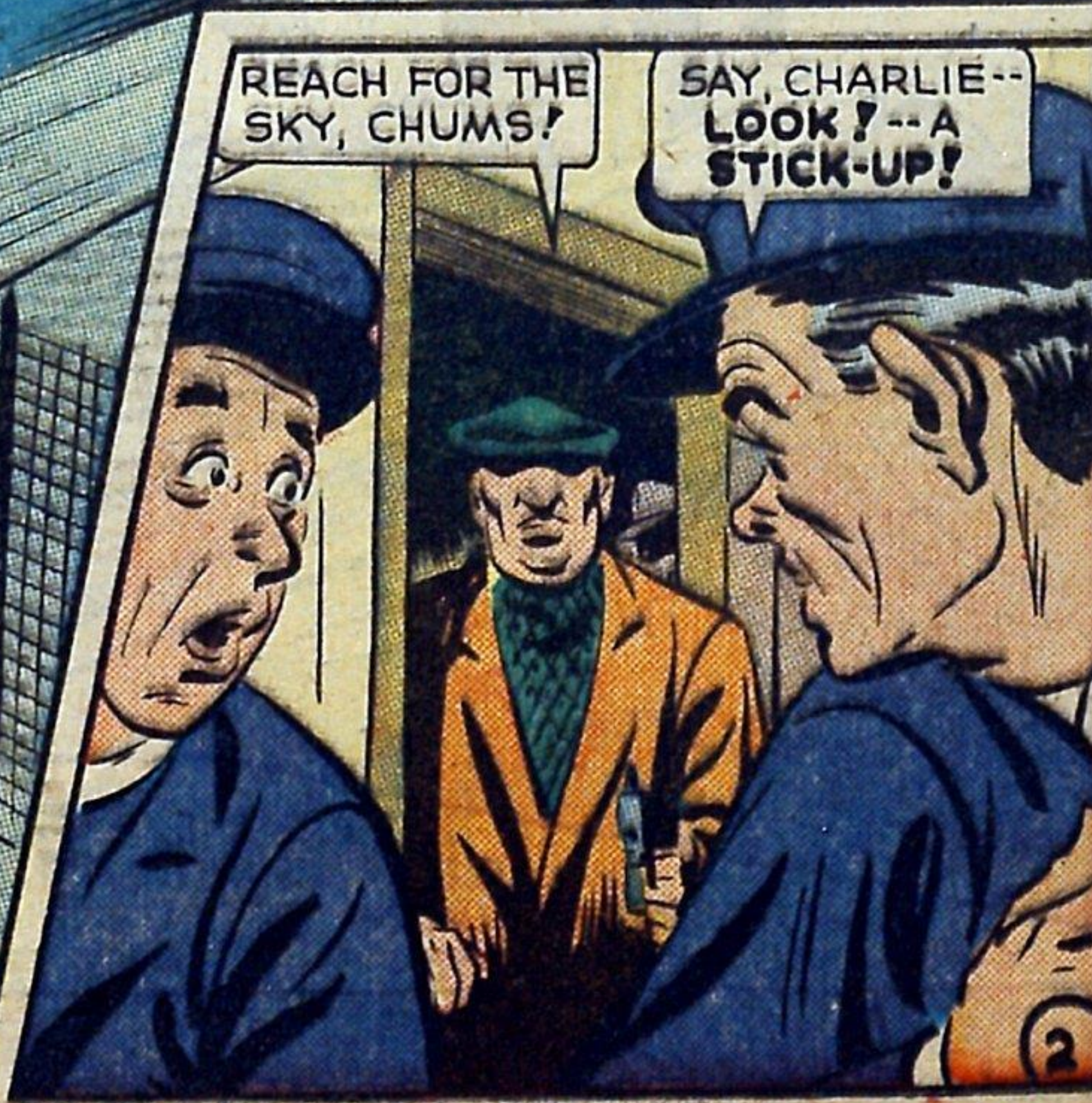
WHAT WAS THAT?

SOMEONE HEADING FOR THE YARDS... C'MON, HE CAN'T GO IN THERE!

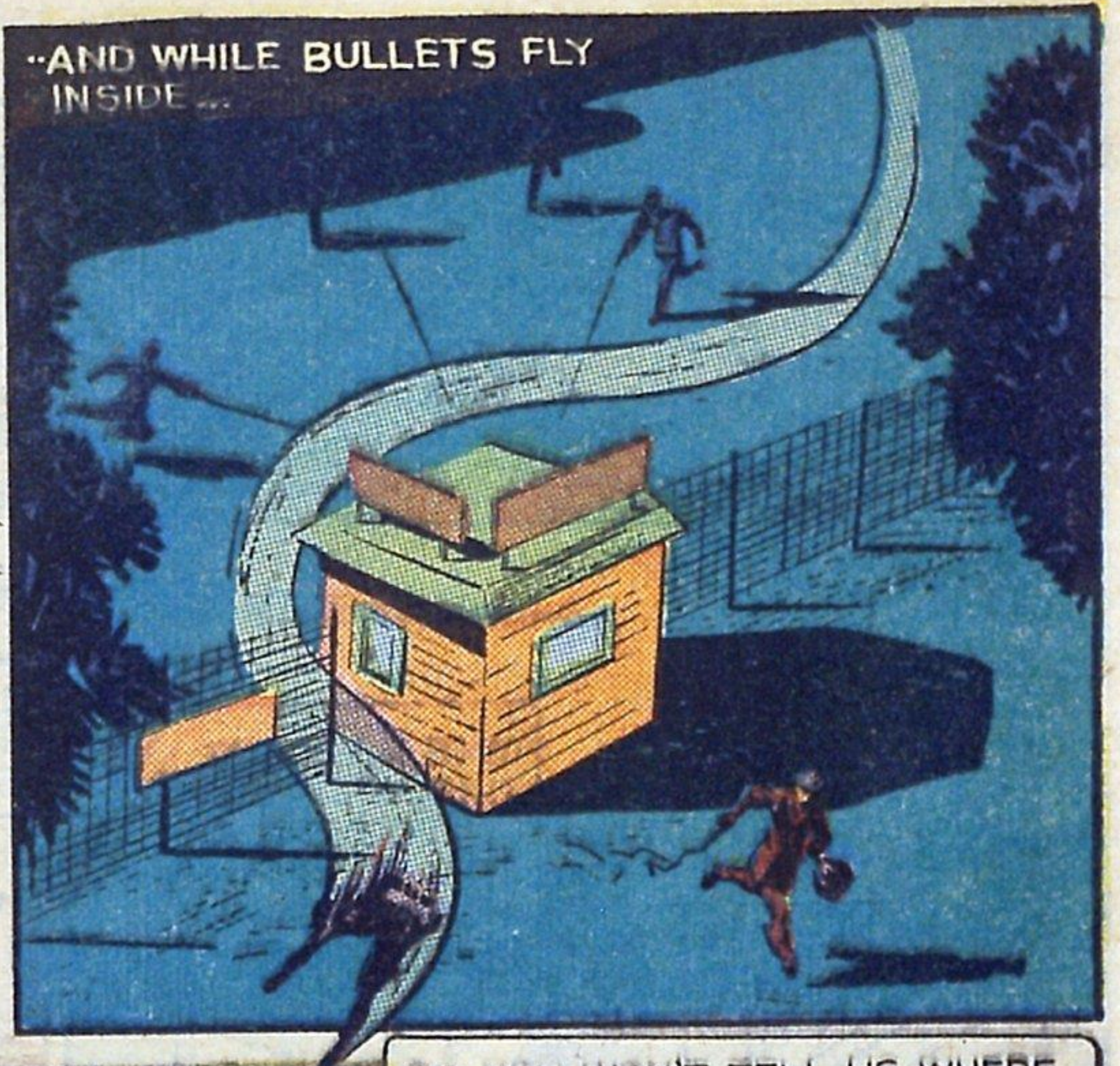


REACH FOR THE SKY, CHUMS!

SAY, CHARLIE-- LOOK!-- A STICK-UP!

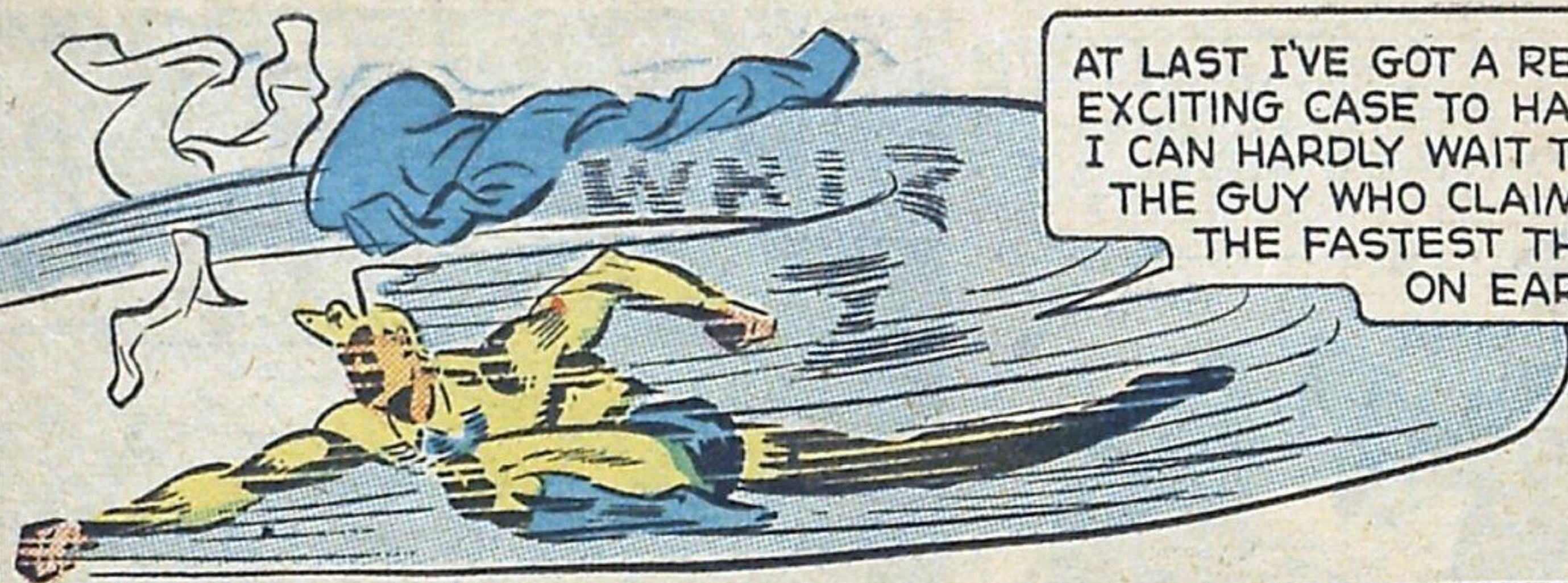








As  
QUICK  
AS A  
FLASH  
JACK  
ROBINSON  
BECOMES  
THAT  
MIGHTY  
SPEED  
KING,  
THE  
WHIZZER



AT LAST I'VE GOT A REALLY  
EXCITING CASE TO HANDLE!  
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET  
THE GUY WHO CLAIMS HE'S  
THE FASTEST THING  
ON EARTH!

MOMENTS  
LATER...

HERE I  
AM--REPORTING  
FOR ACTION!

TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS, WHIZZER!  
WE FOUND IT ON  
THE CROOK THEY  
LEFT BEHIND!

WHEW! THESE BIRDS ARE SURE  
SYSTEMATIC---THIS IS OBVIOUSLY  
A SCHEDULE FOR THIS WEEK'S  
JOBS!

MON - NIGHT  
CARTER SHIP-  
YARDS  
TUE - ALTON  
STEEPLE  
CHASE  
WED - BENSON  
AIRCRAFT  
THURS - HILLARY  
JEWELRY

WHIZZER! HA,  
HA! YOU'LL  
NEVER STOP  
THE BLACK  
STREAK!

DO TELL! BUT I THINK  
I'LL TAKE A CRACK  
AT IT ANYWAY!

HEAR THAT,  
LUG? THE  
WHIZZER'LL  
SHOW 'IM!

WHOEVER THE  
BOSS OF THAT  
MOB IS-- HE'S  
A VERY SHREWD  
OPERATOR!



THAT NIGHT NEAR THE BENSON AIRCRAFT  
PLANT...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY  
PULLING TO-MORROW'S JOB TO-NIGHT!--  
BECAUSE THERE'S THE BLACK  
STREAK!







LOOK! ---THE WHIZZER'S HERE!

SO WHAT? WHILE HE'S BUSY TRYING TO CATCH THE BLACK STREAK, WE'LL PULL OFF THE JOB! C'MON!

AND WHILE THE WHIZZER PURSUES THE BLACK STREAK ---

HANDS UP, SUCKERS! OPEN THE SAFE!

WHAT--- HELP!

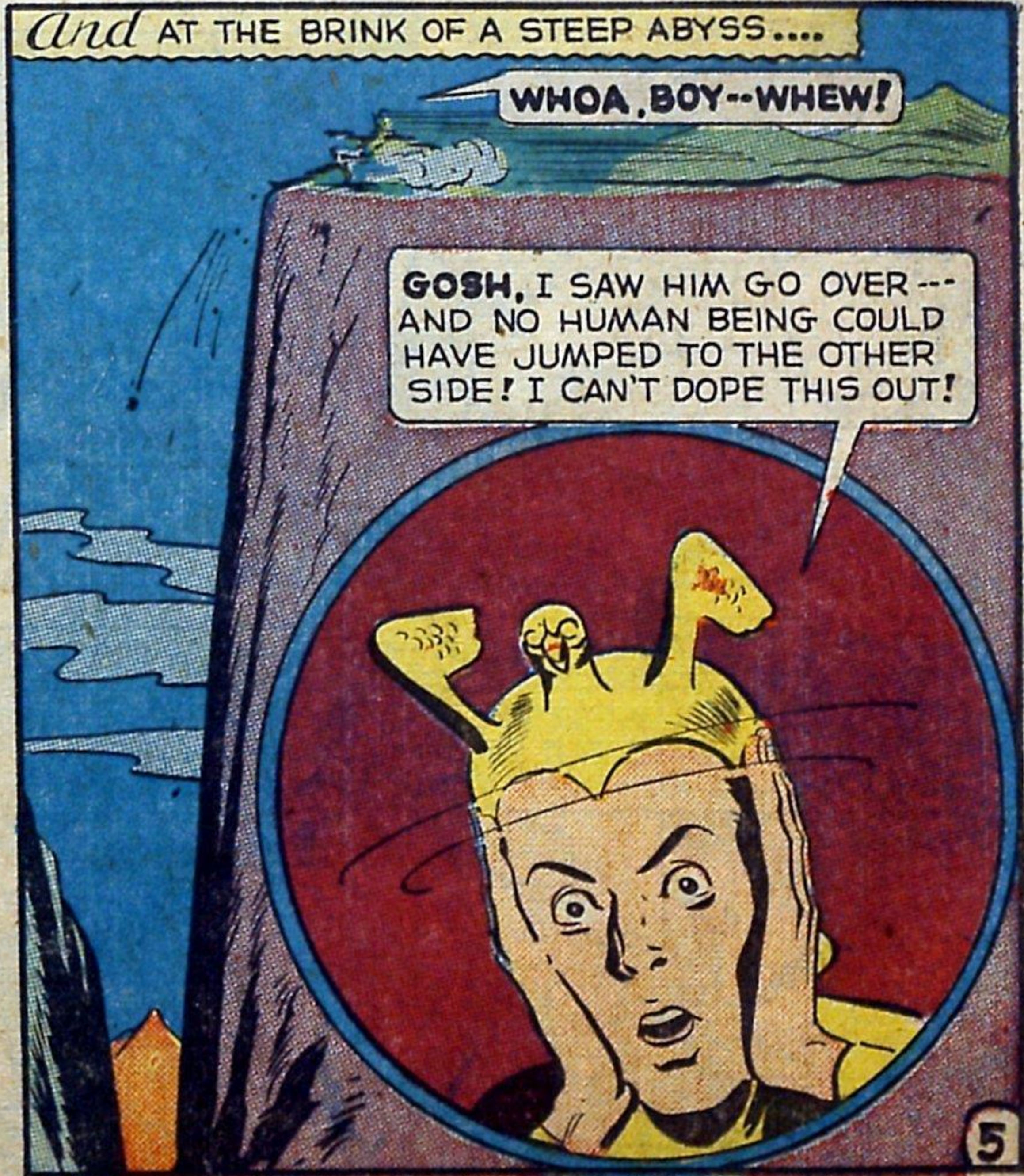
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! (PANT--PANT) --HE'S ALWAYS ONE LEAP AHEAD OF ME!



The MAD CHASE LEADS INTO MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN, WHERE.....



WE MUST BE--- HUNDREDS OF MILES--- AWAY FROM THE PLANT BY NOW! (GASP)



And AT THE BRINK OF A STEEP ABYSS....

WHOA, BOY--WHEW!

GOSH, I SAW HIM GO OVER --- AND NO HUMAN BEING COULD HAVE JUMPED TO THE OTHER SIDE! I CAN'T DOPE THIS OUT!



CAN'T SPEND ALL NIGHT HERE... I'D BETTER SEE  
WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE AIRCRAFT PLANT!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?  
AM I TOO LATE?

AFRAID SO,  
WHIZZER! THE  
THUGS GOT AWAY  
WITH ALL OUR CASH  
AND A LOT OF BLUE  
PRINTS TOO!

BUT YOU WERE  
CHASING THE  
BLACK STREAK,  
WHIZZER! WHERE  
IS HE?

HE GOT AWAY!--  
I GUESS HE'S  
FASTER THAN  
I AM!

GOSH, THE  
WHIZZER  
MUST BE  
GETTIN'  
OLD! HE'S  
SLIPPING!

AN' JUST WHEN  
THE WHOLE COUNTRY  
IS COUNTIN' ON HIM  
TO HELP US CAPTURE  
THE BLACK STREAK!

**LATER...**  
SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WHOLE  
CHASE BOTHERS ME... SOMETHING  
UNNATURAL---AS IF I WERE  
CHASING A GHOST!--

A GHOST! THE  
ROPE BRIDGE!--  
OF COURSE..THAT'S  
IT! NOW I KNOW  
HOW TO HANDLE  
THE BLACK  
STREAK!

**AND AT THE SCAR'S HIDEOUT---**

YEAH, SCAR, DA WHIZZER DIDN'T GO OVER DA CLIFF  
LIKE WE PLANNED, BUT WE SURE MADE A MONKEY  
OUTTA HIM ANYWAY!

SWELL! NOW I CAN  
CONCENTRATE ON  
TO-MORROW'S JOB AT  
THE STEEPLECHASE!



**T**HE NEXT DAY, AT THE FAMOUS ALTON STEEPLECHASE MEET!

THE LAST RACE IS COMING UP! REMEMBER, DON'T STICK UP THE BOX OFFICE UNTIL THERE'S A PANIC IN THE STANDS!

RIGHT, BOSS!

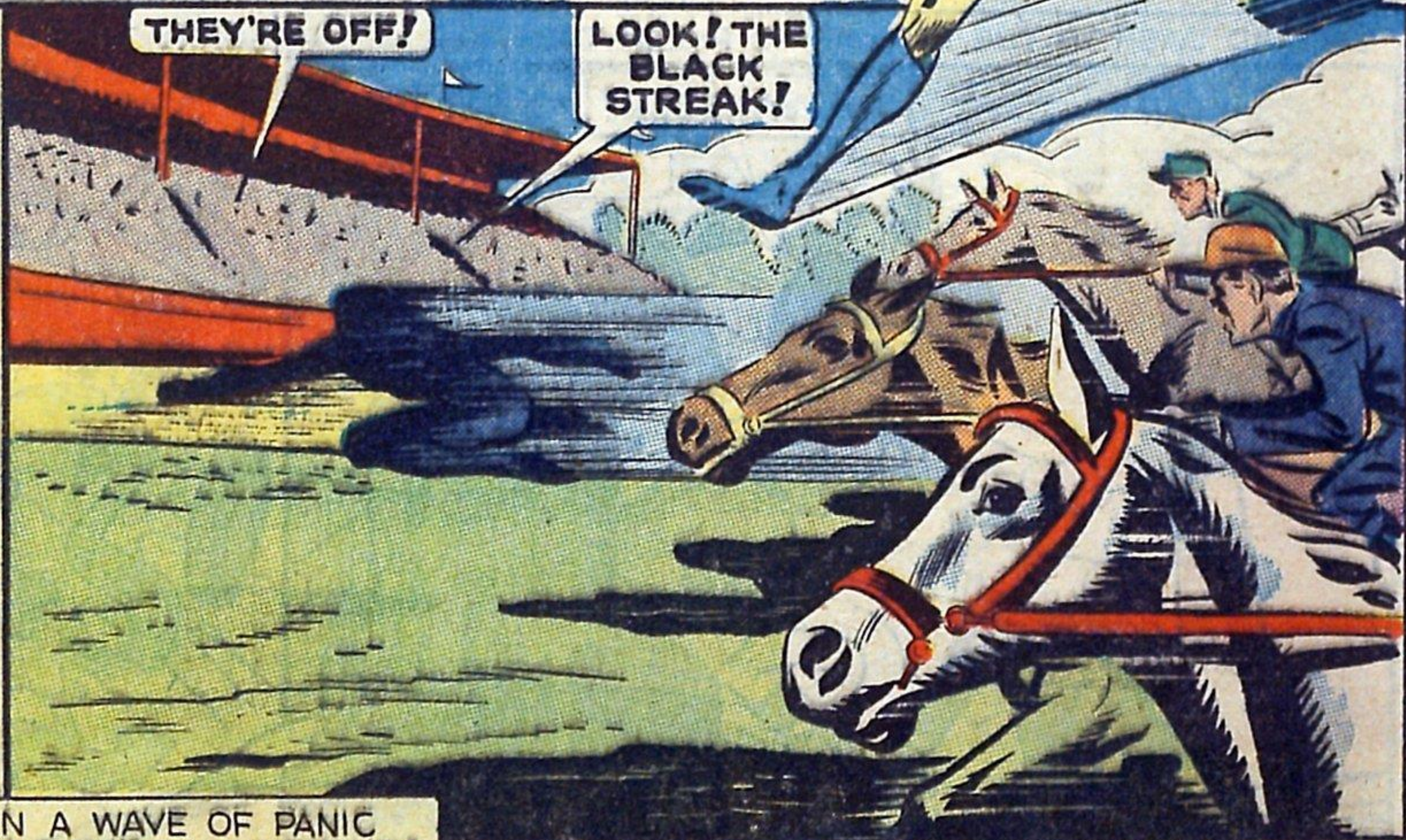
I'M ALMOST ASHAMED TO SHOW MY FACE HERE, BUT IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'LL BE ABLE TO EVEN ALL ODDS TO-DAY!



THEY'RE OFF!

LOOK! THE BLACK STREAK!

*The*  
STARTING  
GUN  
GOES  
OFF---  
AND  
A  
DREAD  
FIGURE  
JOINS  
THE  
FIELD!



**T**HEN A WAVE OF PANIC SWEEPS THE GRANDSTAND!

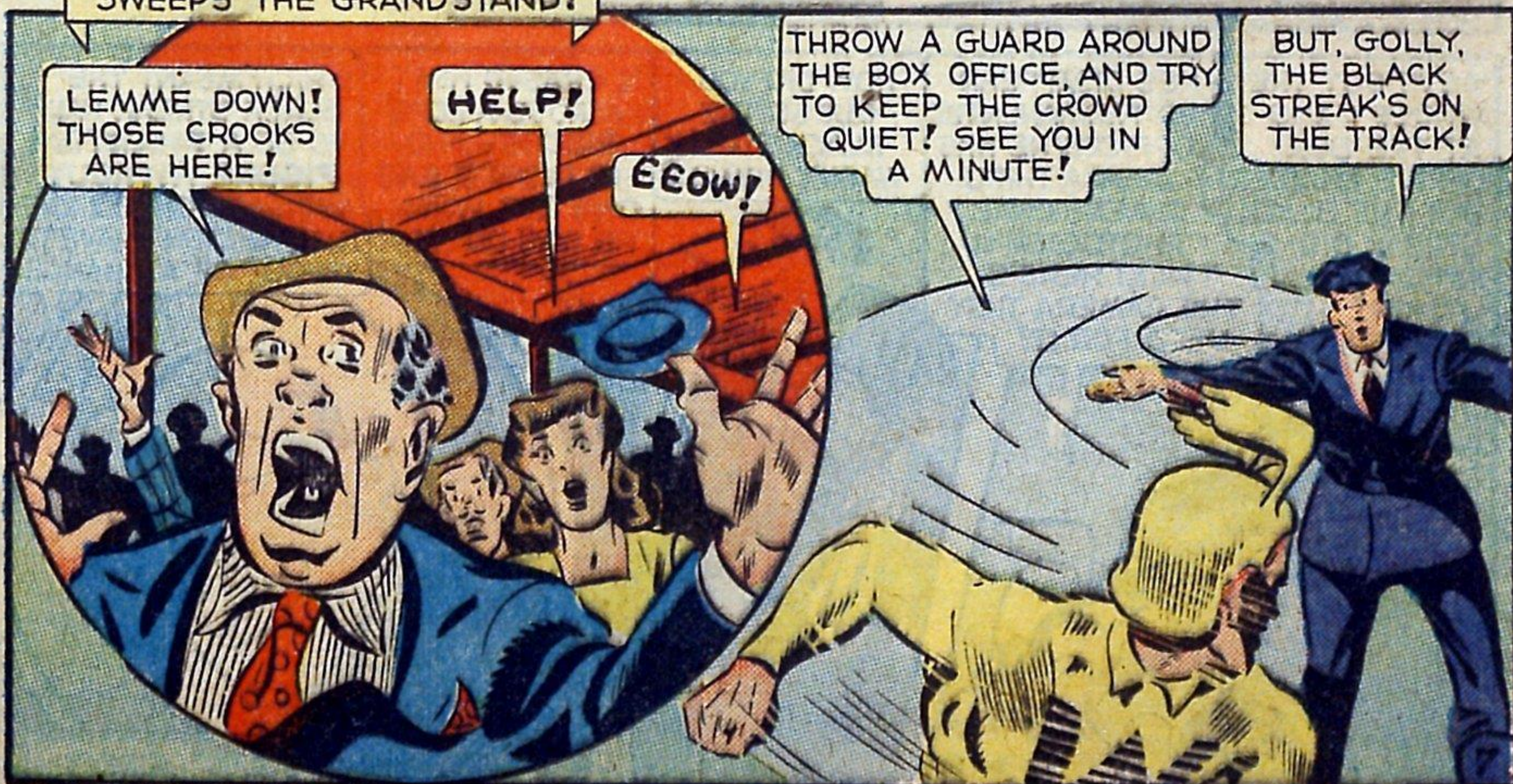
LEMME DOWN!  
THOSE CROOKS  
ARE HERE!

HELP!

EEOW!

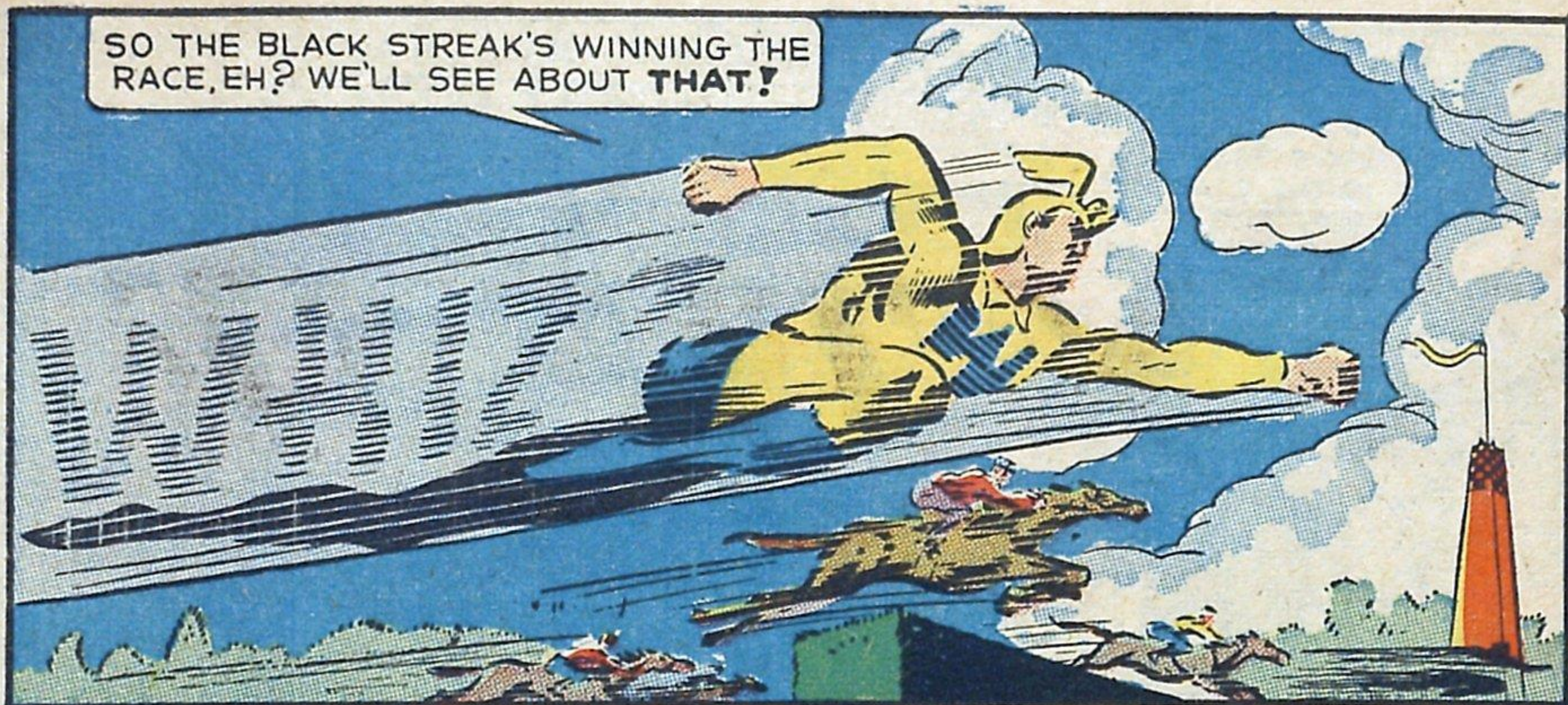
THROW A GUARD AROUND  
THE BOX OFFICE, AND TRY  
TO KEEP THE CROWD  
QUIET! SEE YOU IN  
A MINUTE!

BUT, GOLLY,  
THE BLACK  
STREAK'S ON  
THE TRACK!





SO THE BLACK STREAK'S WINNING THE RACE, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT!**

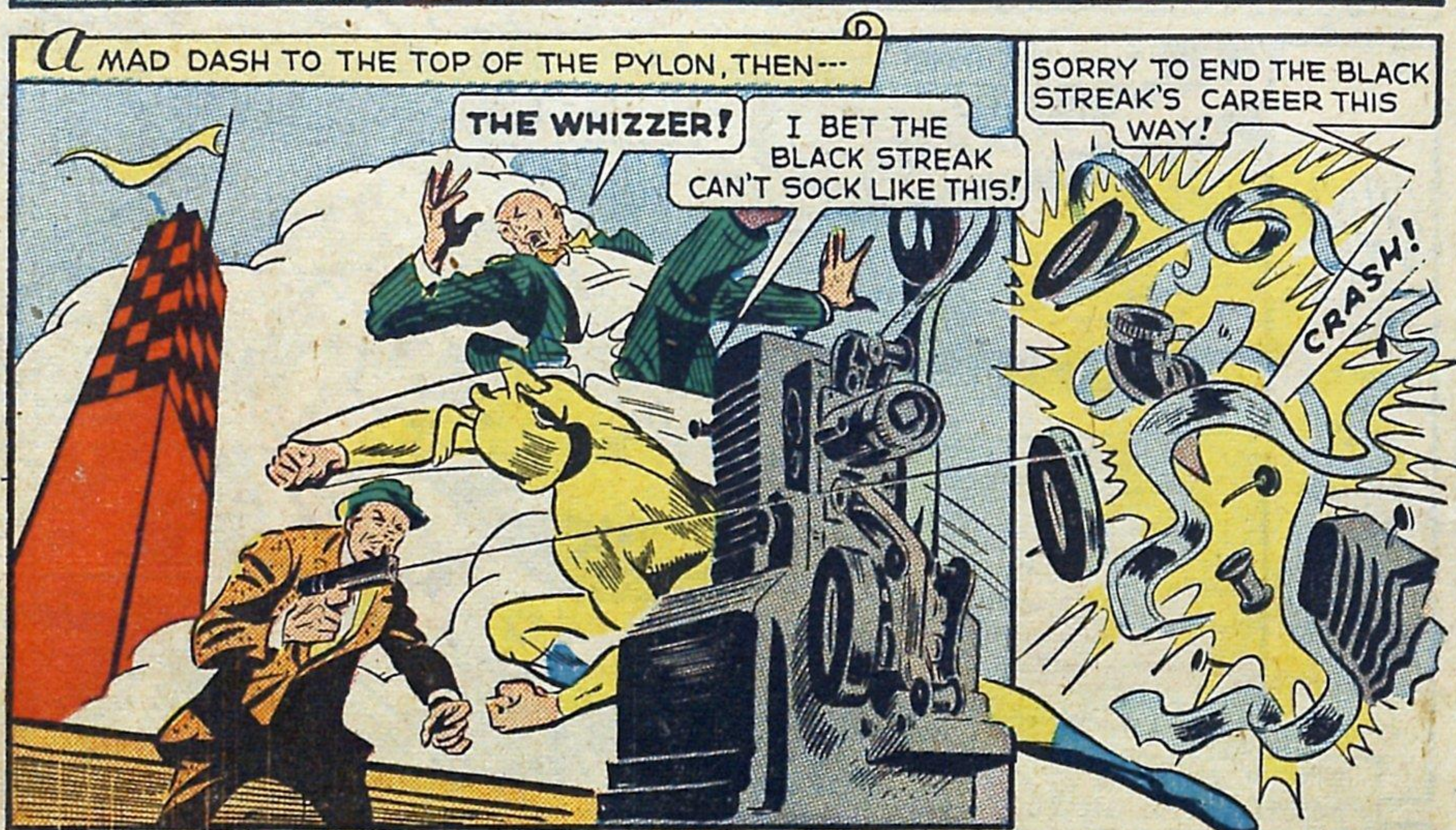


**A** MAD DASH TO THE TOP OF THE PYLON, THEN---

**THE WHIZZER!**

I BET THE  
BLACK STREAK  
CAN'T SOCK LIKE THIS!

SORRY TO END THE BLACK  
STREAK'S CAREER THIS  
WAY!



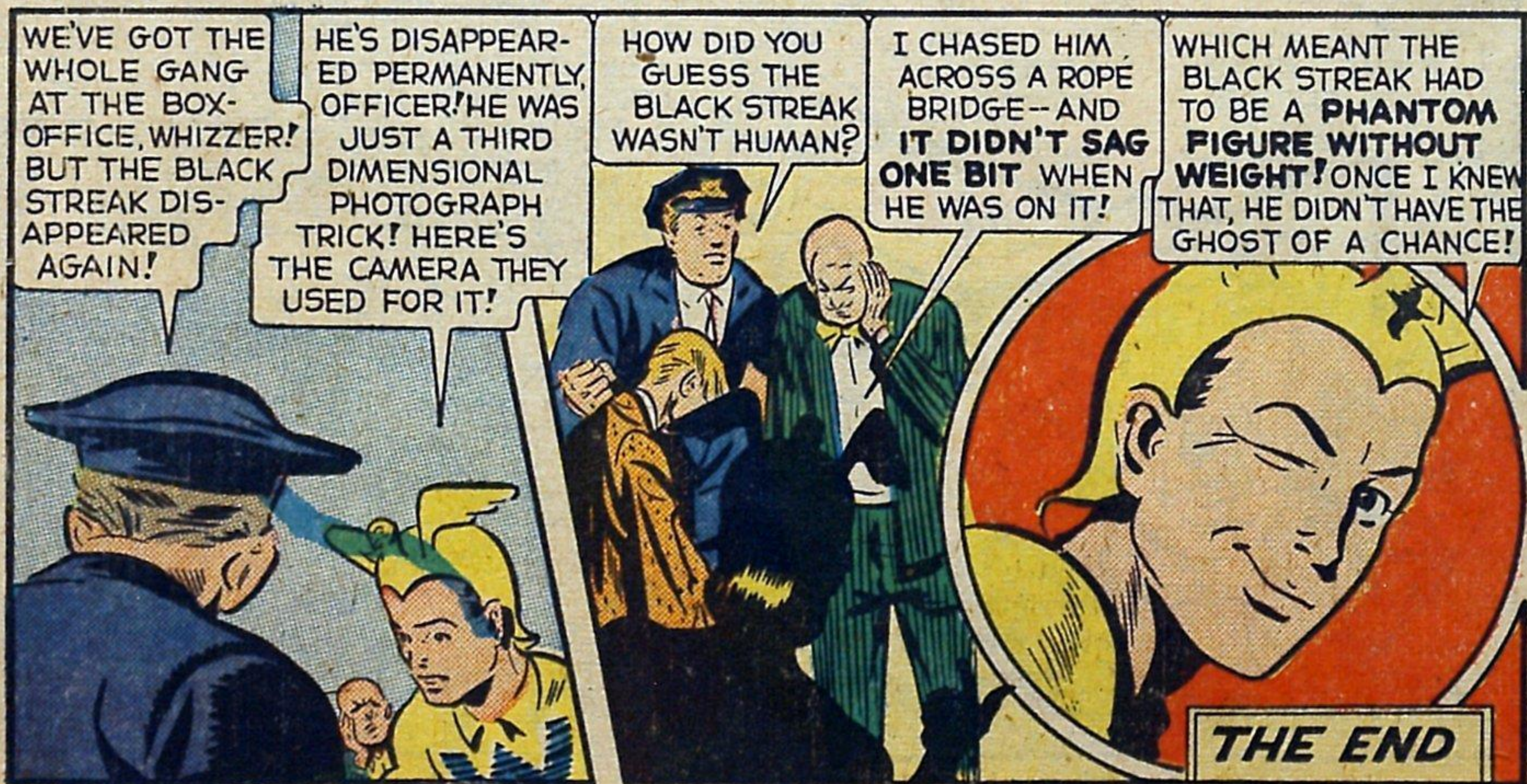
WE'VE GOT THE  
WHOLE GANG  
AT THE BOX-  
OFFICE, WHIZZER!  
BUT THE BLACK  
STREAK DIS-  
APPEARED  
AGAIN!

HE'S DISAPPEAR-  
ED PERMANENTLY,  
OFFICER! HE WAS  
JUST A THIRD  
DIMENSIONAL  
PHOTOGRAPH  
TRICK! HERE'S  
THE CAMERA THEY  
USED FOR IT!

HOW DID YOU  
GUESS THE  
BLACK STREAK  
WASN'T HUMAN?

I CHASED HIM  
ACROSS A ROPE  
BRIDGE-- AND  
**IT DIDN'T SAG  
ONE BIT** WHEN  
HE WAS ON IT!

WHICH MEANT THE  
BLACK STREAK HAD  
TO BE A **PHANTOM  
FIGURE WITHOUT  
WEIGHT!** ONCE I KNEW  
THAT, HE DIDN'T HAVE THE  
GHOST OF A CHANCE!



**THE END**



# SKY THIEF

ONE minute there was just the steady drumming of the horses hoofs, the wind across the brown grass of the slope leading up to the edge of the woods. Next instant Jake was brought abruptly from his momentary revery by the sound of wings. Huge wings. Even before he twisted in the saddle and saw the plane gliding down silently toward him, he saw the shadow of it streaking across the slope.

Recklessly Jake brought the cayuse around and sent him racing down hill toward the timber. Behind him sounded the smashing concussion of an explosion, the force of which sent the nimble footed animal reeling. He caught himself, raced on. From the blue sky came the sudden angry roar of a plane motor. Twisting in the saddle, Jake saw the plane plunging around in a steep arc, knew they would come in to try to blast the cayuse from under him a second time, knew they were bent upon murder and robbery. But before the ship could come in for a second try, the cayuse had plunged into the shadowed safety of the forest.

"It's them, alright," Jake muttered aloud. "This is one time they didn't get the pay-roll. They won't, either!"

With that he turned the cayuse deeper into the forest. He could hear the sound of the motor dying out in the distance, but Jake wasn't taking chances on his hide or on the pay-roll he was delivering to the foothill mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

LAST month Benny Grover had been forced down in his own plane. Benny had been handling the pay-roll until the mystery plane had swooped down out of the sky, forcing him to land, and then robbing him of the money. Benny hadn't been prepared for such a thing. It had happened again, and Benny, in a desperate effort to escape, had wrecked his ship and stopped a hunk of lead with his right shoulder.

It was something the citizens of Pine Canyon had been unable to cope with. Something that

had never happened to them before. The big mine back in the foothills employed a large number of workers, and it was important that the pay-roll get there on time.

Jake, an old timer in the hills and surrounding desert country, had volunteered for the job.

"Them new-fangled methods may be okay," Jake had told Sheriff Holland that hot afternoon in town. "Using an air-ship to get where you want to go. But I'll stick to my horse. Benny's out of commission. His ship's a wreck, and I understand the boys up at the mine were pretty put out because they didn't get paid off on time."

Sheriff Holland had agreed. The gravity of events had left him a little awed and uncertain. Cattle thieves, bandits who worked on the ground where they belonged, were right up the sheriff's alley. But this was out of his ken. Sheriff Holland didn't like airplanes, and was completely lost in the face of this unexpected method of robbery.

"Mr. Payne, the superintendent, is raising nicky-ben," Sheriff Holland confided to Jake's sympathetic ear. "He says if I don't do something about it, he will. And he'll also see to it there's someone in Pine Canyon who can handle a mess like this." The sheriff had wiped his uneasy face. "I'm danged sure I'm not going up in one of them flying contraptions, and I sure don't know how to get these devils down on solid earth."

\* \* \* \* \*

NOW Jake worked deeper into the depths of the forest. The silence was thick and close about him, and after a while the cayuse caught its wind and Jake urged it to a trot. He should reach the mine by evening and could rid himself of the precious pay-roll. After that he'd have to hustle back. Something had to be done.

The thieves were resorting to the use of bombs to achieve their deadly mission. And



Jake didn't like the idea of being blown into the middle of next week.

Back in Pine Canyon the next day, Jake called on the sheriff.

"They're back," Jake announced inside the hot little office. "The guys who must have got Benny and his plane. They've got a new wrinkle now. They're using . . . bombs!"

The sheriff wiped sweat off his grim face. "Bombs!" he muttered. "How in blazes are we expected to do anything against them?"

"I dunno," Jake admitted. "But I've been thinking. I figure maybe we can bomb them. At any rate it's worth trying. We've got to cook up a bomb for them when they make another try. We'd better get started right now."

"How are you going to get the bomb into the plane?"

Jake grinned. "They'll take it there. Let's go."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was just two weeks later when Jake started out for the foothill mines again. As usual he had the two saddle bags, and as usual they showed bulky and heavy on the sides of the cayuse. And as usual . . . Jake took the hill train toward the mine.

He started early in the morning, knowing that he was making a desperate attempt. Unless he could swing this plan of his, he might never return. He stopped briefly to rest and make last minute adjustments in the dangerous time bomb he and the worried sheriff had rigged up.

Jake was half way to the mines by early afternoon. He was crossing a wide valley when he again heard the sound of muffled wings in the air, saw the shadow of a plane racing straight toward him across the gently ruffled grass of the meadow. He twisted swiftly in the saddle and stared up.

Yes, it was the plane alright. Jake's heart leaped as he saw that it was coming down on a glide straight for him. Suddenly he saw puffs of smoke, the lines of fire from the plane. They were strafing him. The cayuse started to run.

A second later Jake was flying through the air. He saw the ground come rushing up to meet him. He struck with a crash and rolled over in the grass. Slowly the sun went out and there was nothing but blackness.

\* \* \* \* \*

JAKE opened his eyes. The sun was there again and he rolled over groggily and got to his feet. Close beside him a man spoke roughly.

"Don't try for your shooting iron, old-timer. I'm taking it just so you won't get hurt!"

Jake's hand swiftly told him the stranger hadn't lied. He also had the saddle bags slung over his shoulder—

Suddenly Jake's body stiffened as his blue eyes touched the mound of silent flesh where the cayuse lay. Those shots from the plane must have found their mark.

"You murdering devil!" Jake rasped. "You killed my horse—"

"More where that one came from," the man laughed. "You're lucky you didn't get a slug, too. So long, Pop. Be seeing you next time."

The man turned and ran. Jake whirled after him, saw the plane down the meadow, saw the man beside it, a tommy gun in his hands. They'd strafed him, had killed his cayuse—

They were in the plane and a second later its motor roared, and the ship lurched away across the field. It gathered speed and lifted into the air. It was roaring away across the tree tops.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE explosion was muffled. Jake saw the ship tremble as if it had been struck by a giant, invisible hand. A second later it lurched, twisting over on its side. A puff of smoke billowed out the front cabin window, followed by flame.

The stricken ship plunged down. It struck with a shattering roar as flames leaped up high above it.

Jake was running. As he approached he saw a man drag himself away into the grass. Jake darted eagerly forward, caught the fellow and staggered back from the roaring inferno.

With the stranger safely tied, Jake turned back to watch as the flames gradually subsided, leaving only a mass of twisted steel, naked and glowing angrily. Fortunately it hadn't set fire to the near-by forest.

The man on the ground stirred and groaned. Jake looked down at the blackened, pain twisted face.

"What—what happened?" the man whispered. "Something in—the—saddle-bags—"

"Time bomb," Jake explained gently. "It wasn't a pay-roll at all. I wasn't taking any chances. I'm not much of a hand at fixing up things like that. But Sheriff Holland is right smart." Jake grinned, turning to stare once more toward the ruined plane.

"It worked," the old timer murmured. "Too bad your buddie didn't get out of the ship. But you won't be much better off. There's enough against you right now so's you'll probably do a little burning yourself!"

THE END



# The DESTROYER

## "MURDER in CHINATOWN"



ALONG THE NARROW TWISTING STREETS OF CHINATOWN LURK SKULKING FIGURES DEALING DEATH WITH A SWIFT AND TERRIBLE VENGEANCE! THEN EAST MEETS WEST AS THE DESTROYER CHALLENGES HIS ORIENTAL FRIENDS AGAINST THE VICIOUS ON-SLAUGHT OF...

**"KILLER SIKES & CO."**

WHILE OUTSIDE...

CHINATOWN... IN A DIMLY LIT TEA ROOM...

THERE'S STILL TIME TO SAVE YOURSELF, WING, IF YOU'LL JUST HAND OVER THE 500 DOLLARS!

THIS HUMBLE CHINESE IS OLD AND FEEBLE... BUT HE IS NO COWARD! I WILL NOT PAY!

BUT EDDIE'S STILL INSIDE THE SHOP, SIKES!

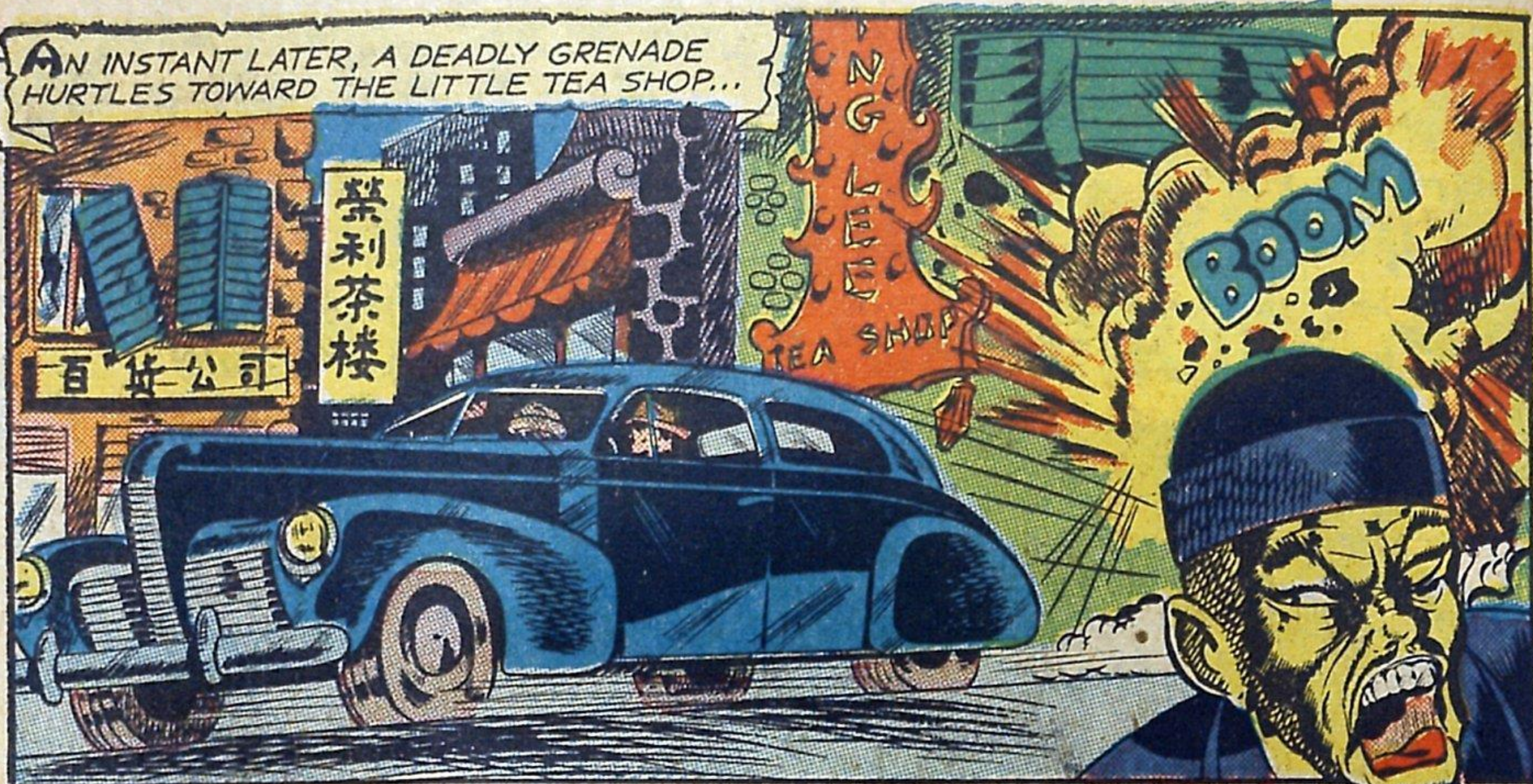
YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID... BLAST THE JOINT!!

歌女白牡丹

3-20 juw



AN INSTANT LATER, A DEADLY GRENADE HURTLES TOWARD THE LITTLE TEA SHOP...



A FEW STREETS AWAY, THE ERUPTION REACHES THE EARS OF THE DESTROYER...

WOW... SOUNDS LIKE A BOMB!



WING LEE'S TEA SHOP! I HOPE HE HASN'T BEEN KILLED!



THIS ONE'S DEAD... MUST HAVE BEEN A CUSTOMER!

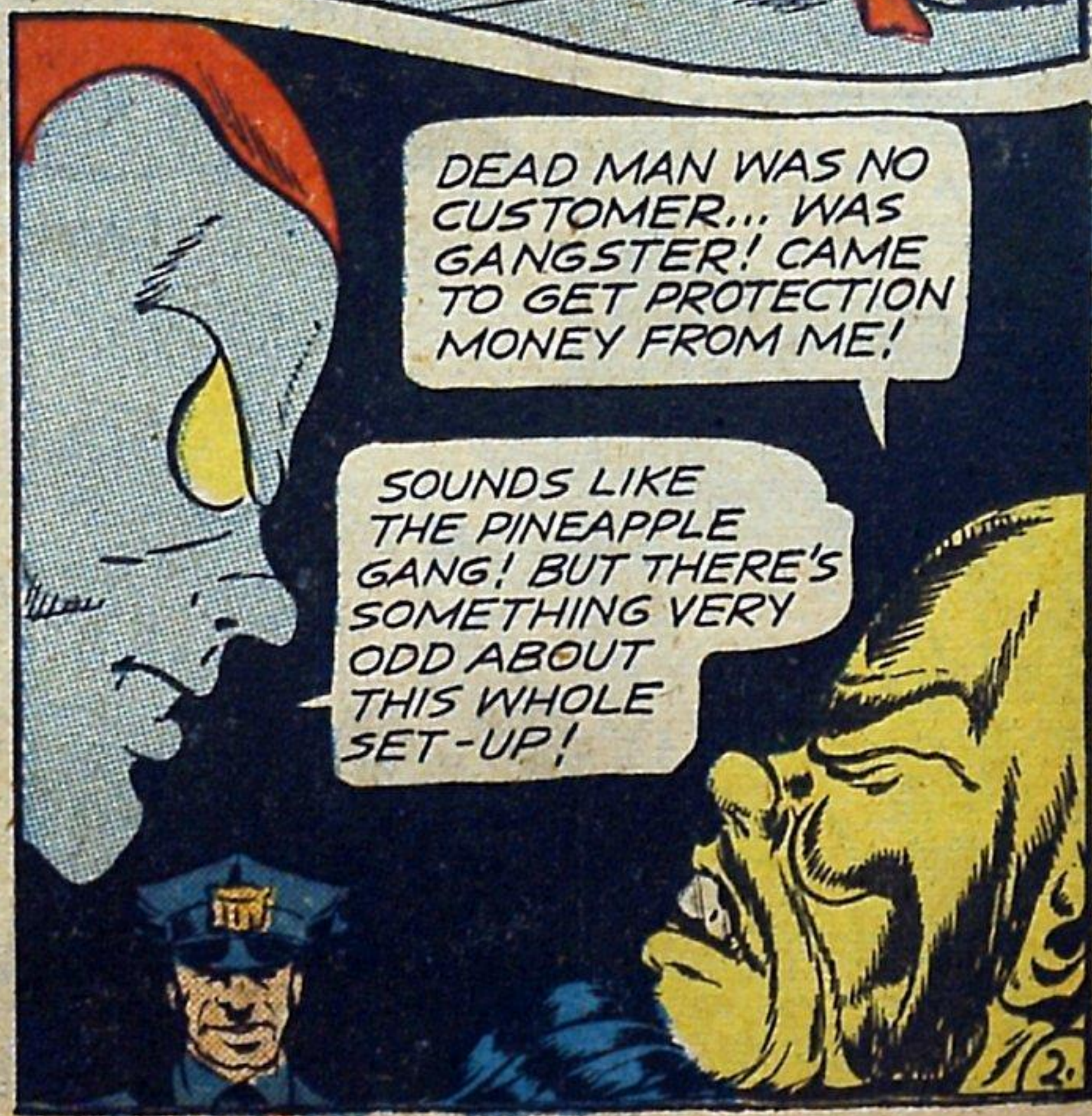
WING LEE! ARE YOU HURT BADLY?

OH!!



DEAD MAN WAS NO CUSTOMER... WAS GANGSTER! CAME TO GET PROTECTION MONEY FROM ME!

SOUNDS LIKE THE PINEAPPLE GANG! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP!





I DON'T SEE WHY THE GANG BOMBED THE SHOP WHILE ONE OF THEIR OWN MEN WAS INSIDE!

JUST A LITTLE HEAD BRUISE... YOU CERTAINLY WERE LUCKY, WING!

THANK YOU, GOOD DOCTOR!

YOU ARE A GREAT FIGHTER, DESTROYER... HUMBLE WING VERY GRATEFUL IF YOU HELP HIM AND FRIENDS AGAINST THIS EVIL PINEAPPLE GANG!

JUST WHAT I MEAN TO DO, WING!

IN FACT, I'M GOING OVER TO SEE CHIN KIANG RIGHT NOW!

IN THE SHOP OF CHIN KIANG...

CHIN KIANG... YOU ARE THE SECOND RICHEST MERCHANT IN CHINATOWN, AFTER WING LEE! PROBABLY YOU WILL BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THESE GANGSTERS! NOW, I HAVE A PLAN...

YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, HONORABLE DESTROYER!

YOU CAN PAY UP OR GET BLOWN UP! 500 DOLLARS OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT WE GAVE LEE!

THIS POOR CHINESE LIFE IS WORTH LITTLE, BUT MONEY IS WORTHLESS! HERE IS YOUR 500 DOLLARS!

THE NEXT DAY IN KIANG'S SHOP...

YOU THE PROPRIETOR HERE?

YES! CHIN KIANG, IS MY NAME... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

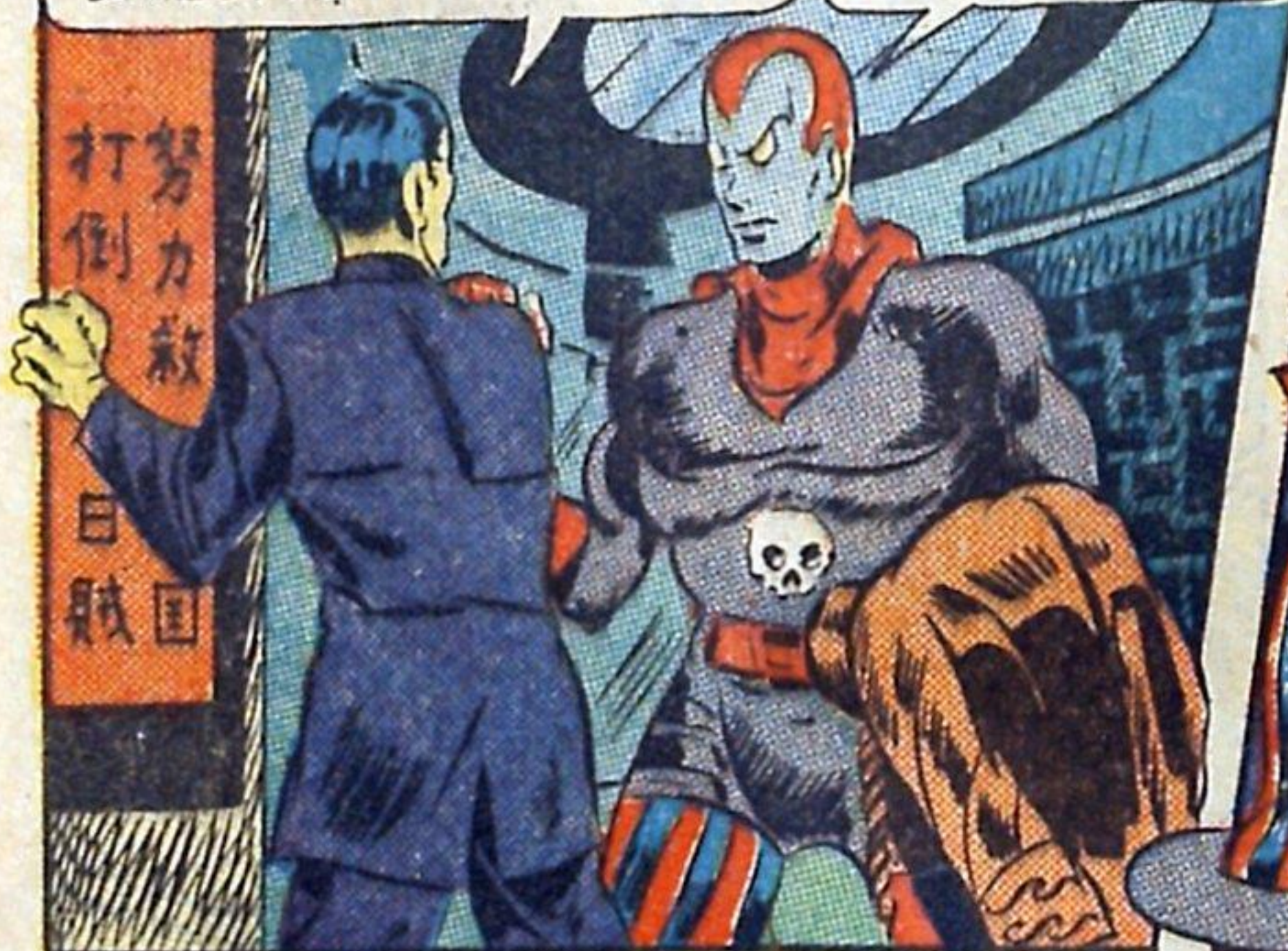
大眾日報



WHEN THE RACKETEER LEAVES...

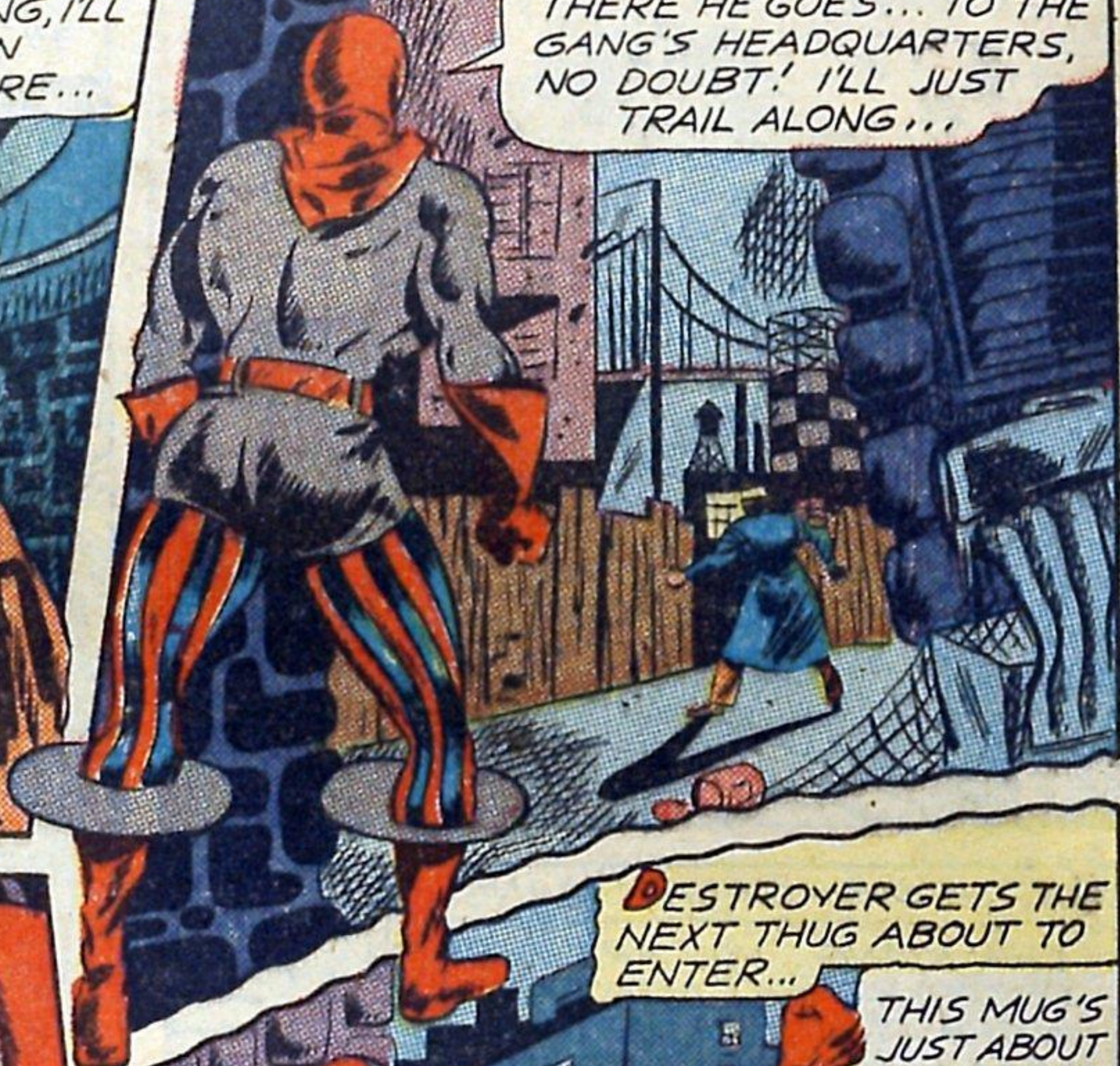
I PAID HIM THE 500 DOLLARS, WORTHY DESTROYER, AS YOU DIRECTED! BUT WHY...?

JUST SIT TIGHT, CHIN KIANG, I'LL CARRY ON FROM HERE...



DESTROYER TRAILS THE THUG THRU AN ALLEY...

THERE HE GOES... TO THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS, NO DOUBT! I'LL JUST TRAIL ALONG...



HE'S GOING IN! LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE MOB'S ASSEMBLING! NOW IF I CAN GET HOLD OF THE NEXT ONE...



DESTROYER GETS THE NEXT THUG ABOUT TO ENTER...

THIS MUG'S JUST ABOUT MY SIZE, TOO!



OKAY, SPIKE, COME IN!

HI-YA!



THAT MAKES IT 400 DOLLARS FOR ME AND \$100.00 FOR THE REST OF YOU...

DAT AIN'T A FAIR SPLIT, SIKES!





SHUT UP! EDDIE DIDN'T LIKE THE SPLIT EITHER... AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN THE CHINAMAN'S SHOP! NOW, ANY OTHER COMPLAINTS?

NO-NO COMPLAINTS, SIKES!

BUT WHEN THE RUTHLESS SIKES HAS LEFT...

GATHER ROUND, BOYS! IS EVERY ONE GAME TO DRAW LOTS TO BUMP SIKES OFF?

YOU BET!

COUNT ME IN!

WE'VE TAKEN A RAW DEAL FROM SIKES LONG ENOUGH!

FROM A BATTERED DERBY HAT, EACH THUG DRAWS A SLIP OF PAPER, AND...

YOU GOT THE BLACK CIRCLE, FLINT! THE JOB IS YOURS! NOW GET GOING... SIKES OUGHTA BE ALMOST AT THE 'EL' STATION BY NOW!

LEAVE IT TO ME, CHUM! SO LONG!

AND JUST IN CASE FLINT GETS COLD FEET, SOMEBODY BETTER TRAIL HIM... YOU, SPIKE! SEE THAT THERE AINT ANY SLIP-UPS!

OH-OH! HE MEANS ME!

OKAY... AND IF FLINT DON'T DO IT, I WILL...

ON THE STREET, DESTROYER SEES...

SIKES! COMING OUT OF THAT BAR! HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO FLINT'S HANDS!

THE UNSUSPECTING SIKES WAITS FOR THE TRAIN TO PULL IN...

HERE COMES THE 'EL'!

I BETTER HURRY!

23 STREET





THE WILY FLINT SPRINGS... BUT THE DESTROYER IS A SPLIT SECOND FASTER...

NOT SO FAST, FELLA!

HEY!

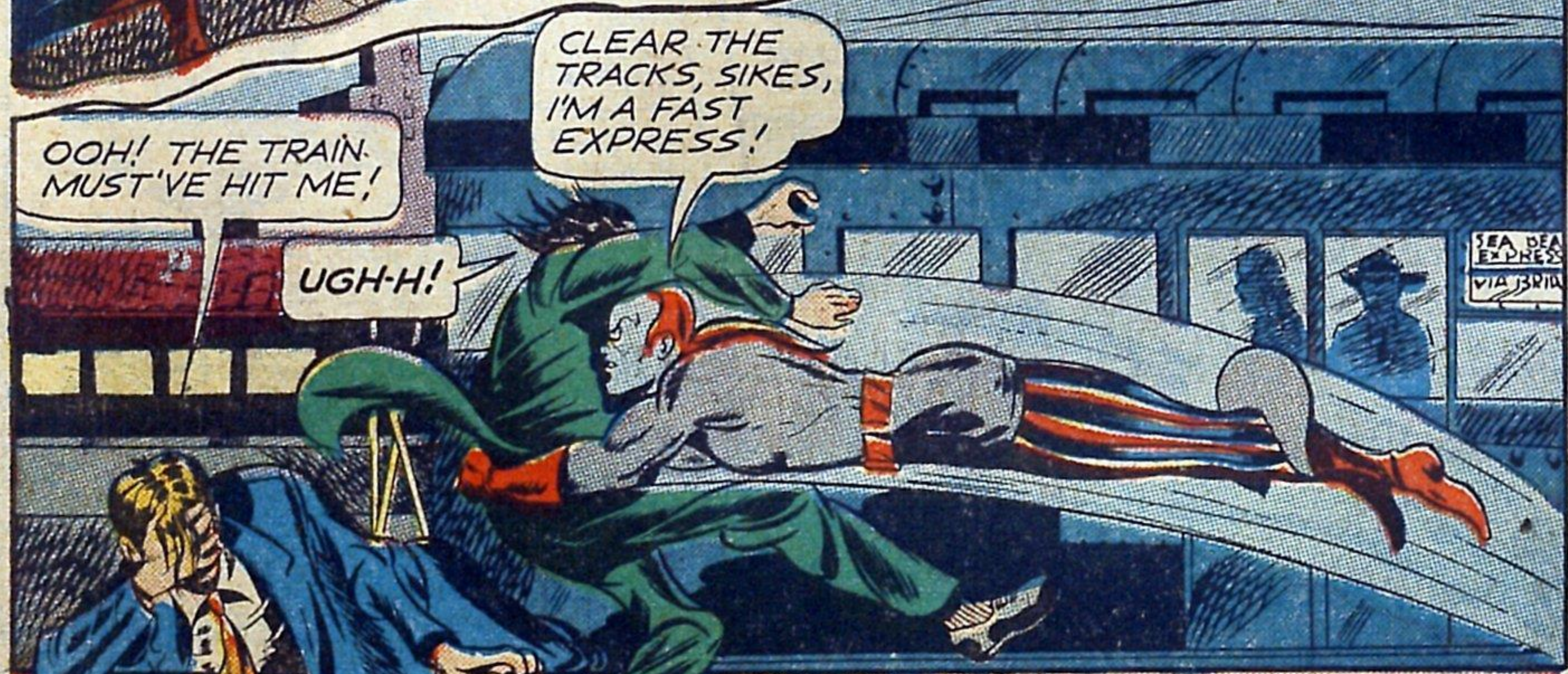
WHAT TH...



END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, BUD!

CRACK

AAAYYY!

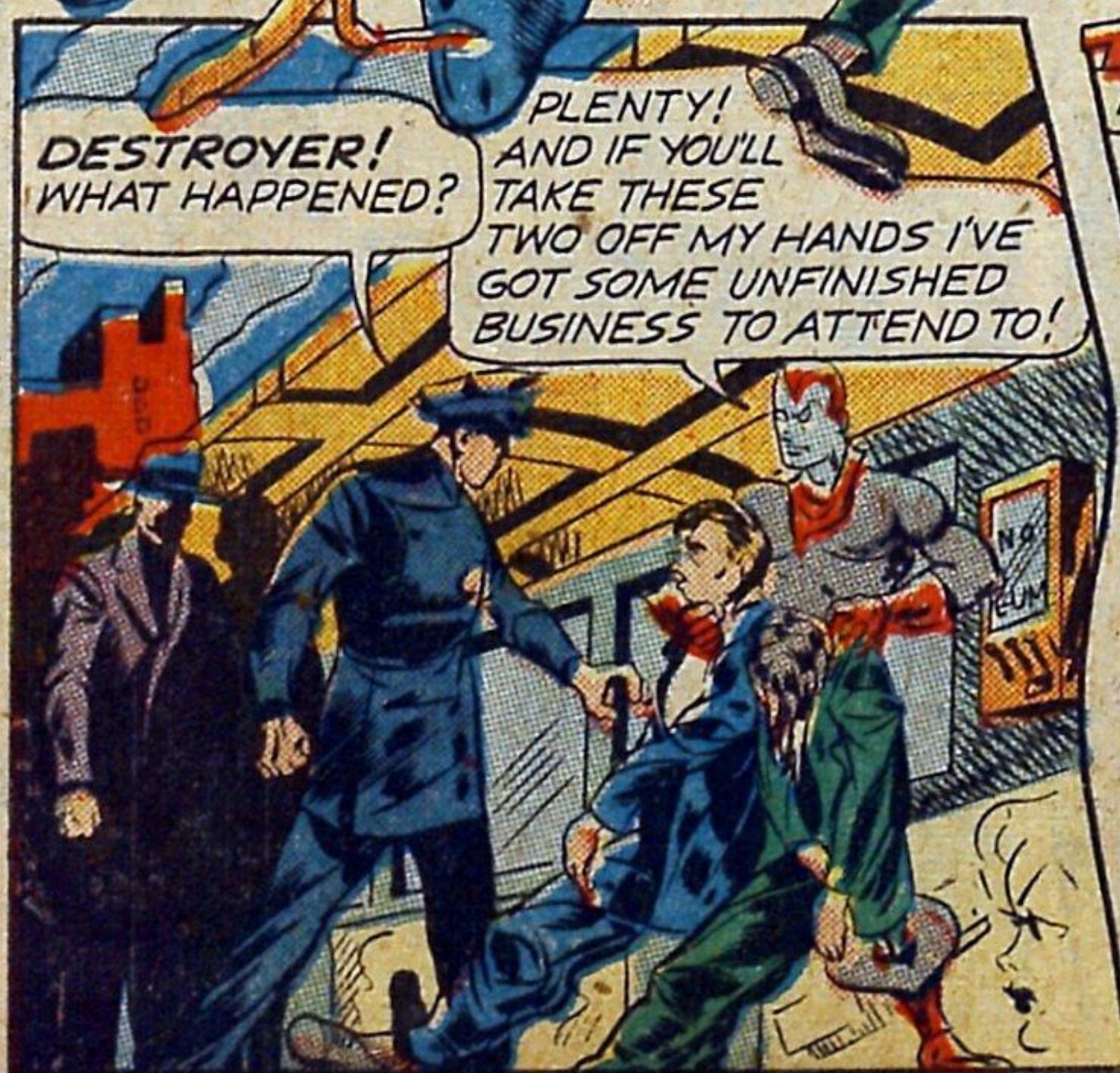


OOH! THE TRAIN MUST'VE HIT ME!

CLEAR THE TRACKS, SIKES, I'M A FAST EXPRESS!

UGH-H!

SEA DEAR EXPRESS  
VIA JBRW



DESTROYER! WHAT HAPPENED?

PLENTY! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE THESE TWO OFF MY HANDS I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



THE DESTROYER SPEEDS BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT WHERE...

HOW'D YA MAKE OUT, SPIKE?

NOT SO HOT. THE COPS GOT FLINT AND SIKES!

E-EOW! DIS GUY IS DA... DESTROYER!

SLAM



THE NEXT INSTANT...CHAOS...

STEP RIGHT UP,  
FOLKS, DON'T  
BE BASHFUL!

AEEE!

BANG  
BANG

AIYYYYY!!

CRACK

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

COME IN AND  
GET 'EM, OFFICERS!  
HERE'S WHAT'S  
LEFT OF THE  
PINEAPPLE GANG!

WHEW! THEY  
LOOK MORE  
LIKE THE  
CRUSHED  
PINEAPPLE  
GANG, NOW!

THE NEXT NIGHT THE DESTROYER IS FETED  
BY HIS CHINESE FRIENDS...

ALL CHINATOWN IS  
GRATEFUL, DESTROYER!  
INDEED YOU ARE BEST  
AMERICAN FIGHTER!

DON'T MENTION IT,  
WING! I DIDN'T DO  
MUCH, REALLY!

YOU ARE TOO MODEST,  
DESTROYER! CONFUCIUS  
SAY, "BRAVE MAN IS  
PLEASURE TO BEHOLD  
AS MOST DELICATE  
FLOWER!"

FLOWER? WHO...  
ME??  
SHUCKS...

HEE  
HEE  
HEE!

THE  
END



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**GIRL MAGAZINE**

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LET'S PLAY

# DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

"HOLIDAY FOR MURDER"

YES, MR. TRAPP --- I SAW MASON THE DAY HE WAS KILLED --- BUT WHEN I LEFT HIM HE WAS ALIVE!

**DAILY EXPRESS** 15. 1945  
MONDAY SEPTEMBER

## MILLIONAIRE SLAIN IN HOME

CORONER REVEALS, VICTIM WAS KILLED ON SUNDAY AT 3:30 P.M.

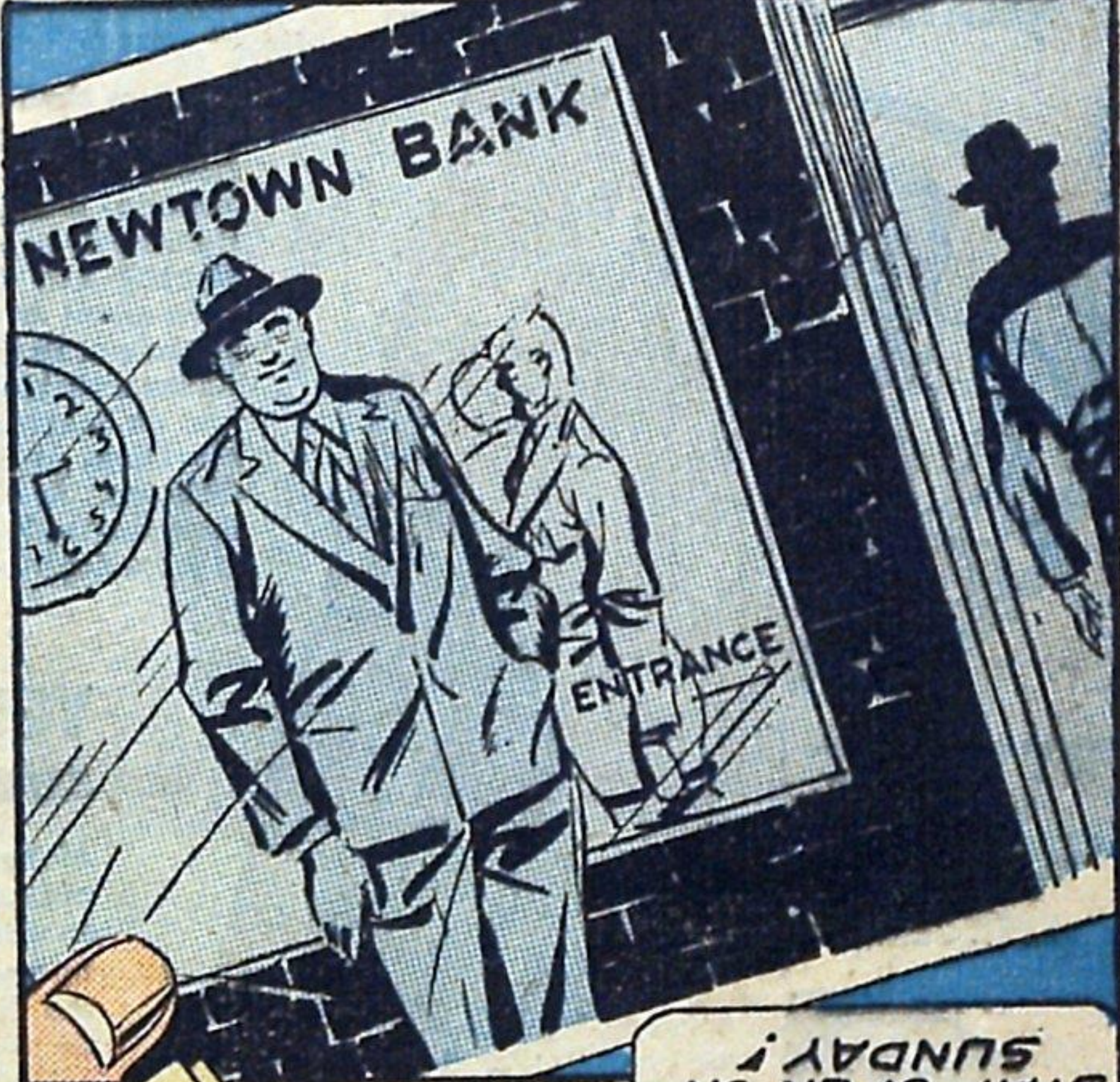
MEMORANDUM INDICATES VICTIM HAD TWO VISITORS BEFORE DEATH!

THE TWO SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS



THE SECOND SUSPECT IS QUESTIONED!

I HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE MASON. BUT DIDN'T KEEP IT! I WAS IN NEWTOWN THE DAY HE WAS KILLED! I HAVE A DATED PHOTO TAKEN BY A PHOTO VENDOR TO PROVE IT!



LATER...

THAT ALIBI WON'T DO --- YOU KILLED JOHN MASON!



I-I KILLED MASON --- HE SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY FORTUNE MANY YEARS AGO, AND I FINALLY GOT MY REVENGE, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GUILTY?

THE PHOTO SHOWED A CUSTOMER GOING INTO THE NEWTOWN BANK. I REALIZED THE PHOTO WAS A FAKE --- BECAUSE BANKS DON'T STAY OPEN ON SUNDAY!



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!



# MEN! Sensational New

## NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

**BY DAY  
A  
WONDERFUL  
NECKTIE**



**BY NIGHT  
THE MOST  
UNIQUE EFFECT  
YOU HAVE  
EVER SEEN**



**CREATES A SENSATION  
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



**YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF  
SEND NO MONEY... MAIL COUPON... TEST AT OUR RISK**

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

**ONLY 98¢**

**MAIL THIS COUPON!**

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept 854 K  
215 N Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's... — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!



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Puny, weak and sickly: condemned to die at 15, remolded and rebuilt his own body to magnificent proportions and size and became the World's Record Holder for Strength. Let him make you over into a he-man of might and muscle.



*"In 10 minutes a day---in your own home*

*let me **REBUILD YOUR***

**ARMS, CHEST, BACK, LEGS and GRIP!**

*let me make*

**YOU**  
**TOUGH** as a  
**MARINE**  
*from head to toe --- **COMPLETE!***

*Says*  
**George F. Jowett**

**World's Mightiest Builder of Men and  
Holder of More Strength Records  
Than Any Living Athlete or Teacher**

### READ:—

What these one-time weaklings say about this amazing man JOWETT:—

#### 100-lb. Weakling to Man of Might

I weighed less than 100 lbs. but I achieved power, strength, health and a mighty body and build by following Jowett methods.

**James Dagestine**

#### Becomes 180-lb. Giant

I began with Jowett when I was little more than 125. I developed my chest from 33" to 44" and my biceps from 12½ to 16". I'm for Jowett.

**Fred Jergenson**

#### Gained 40 Mighty Pounds

I had an injury requiring 20 stitches when I started on the Jowett method. I'm fully recovered, my body is a Power House and I can lick my weight in Wildcats.

**Sam Lupo**

#### Becomes Strong Man Model

"I was skinny, long and lanky, less than 130 lbs. Now I'm a 200-lb. Artists' Model and powerfully developed in every way, thanks to Jowett"

**Ralph Shatz**

Let me give you the astonishing secrets that rebuilt me from a skinny, sickly wreck at 15 into the holder of more strength records than any other athlete or teacher. Let me do for you what I've done for myself and for thousands of men and boys, many of whom tell me how grateful they are because I saved them from the shame of their poor, scrawny, puny bodies and gave them instead might and power, vital strength and health; big, handsome bodies they were proud of. Give me Just 10 Minutes a Day and let my Progen Progressive Power Method Pack your Body with Power and Might, with Solid Walls of Muscle to replace your Flabby Flesh!

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George F. Jowett Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ) include FREE book and FOLIO

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm 25c                                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back 25c                                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. |                                                     |

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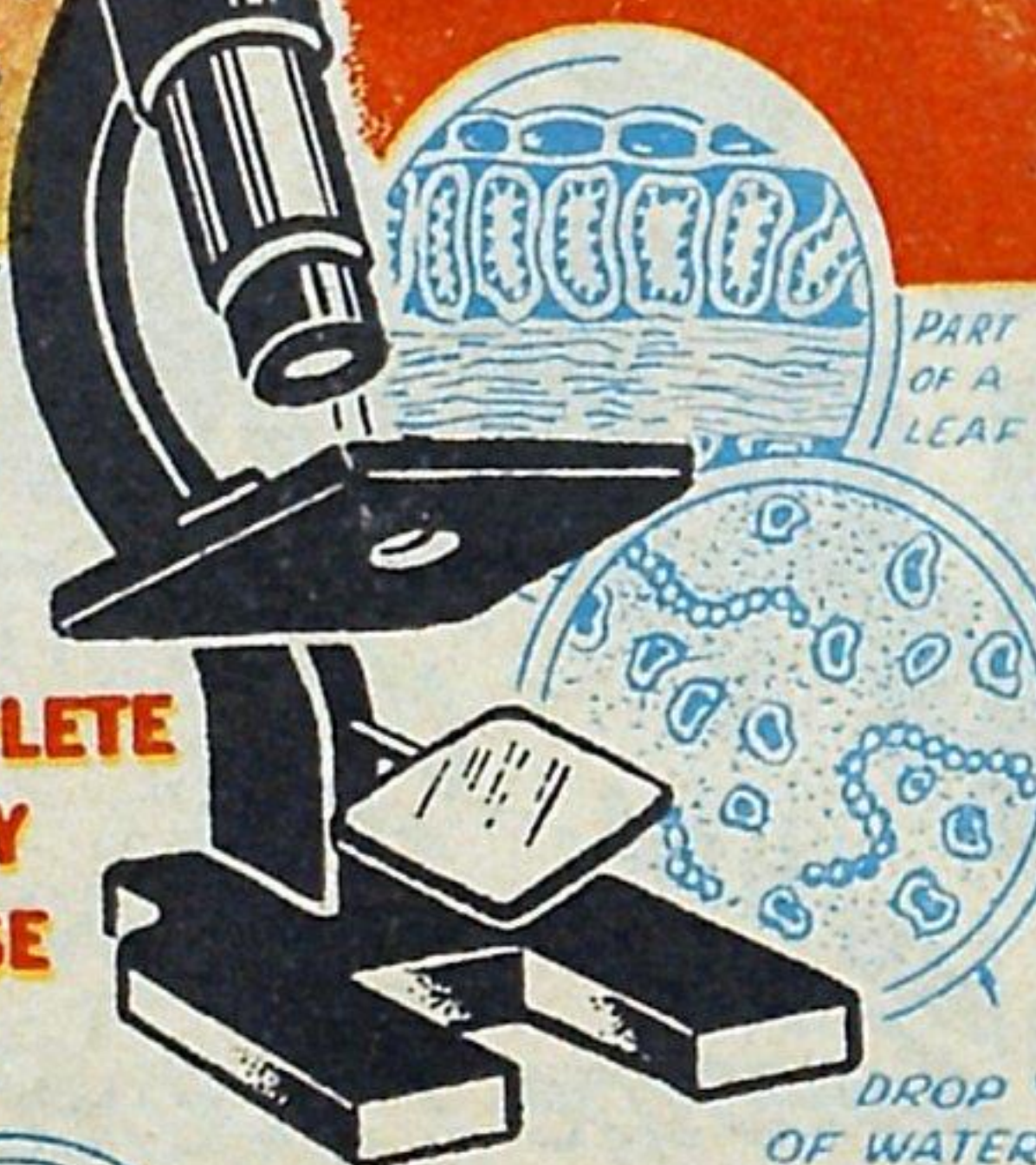




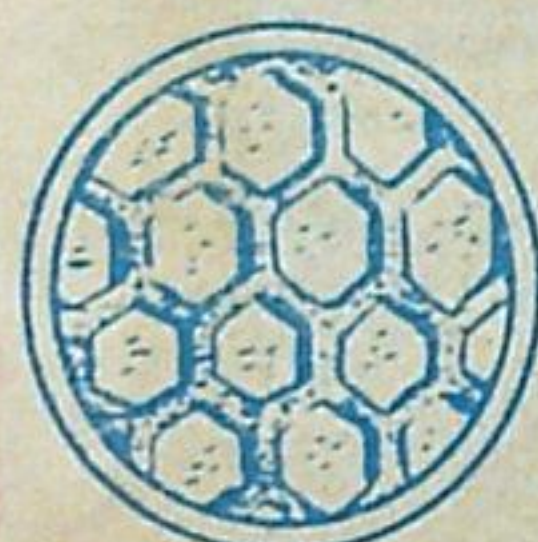
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